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HOW THE NAVY COMES TO THE RESCUE OF IMPERILLED BRITISH RESIDENTS IN CHINA: A TYPICAL NAVAL LANDING PARTY, WITH MACHINE-GUNS AND FULL EQUIPMENT READY FOR ANY EMERGENCY.



AT HANKOW, WHERE THE SITUATION WAS RECENTLY STATED TO HAVE VERY APPRECIABLY IMPROVED: THE BRITISH NAVAL HEADQUARTERS (FORMERLY A BRANCH OF THE SHANGHAI BANKING CORPORATION)—SHOWING A CROWD OF MARINES IN FRONT OF THE BUILDING.

A recent message from China stated that all interest centred on the situation at Hankow, and that any failure on the part of the Powers to maintain their position would lead to a widespread revolutionary movement. A general strike was arranged, under Bolshevik influence, to take place there on December 4. Sir Percival Phillips, in a message published in the "Daily Mail" on the 6th, attributed the whole proceedings of the Cantonese "Reds" to Russian leadership

and propaganda. "Europeans at Hankow," he stated, "are laying in food supplies. . . . Meat was moved into the barricaded European settlement under armed guards." The new British Minister in China, Mr. Miles Lampson, left Nanking for Hankow on December 5. It was officially stated in Parliament on the 6th that the latest news from Hankow showed a very appreciable improvement, and that the general strike had not materialised.

PHOTOGRAPHS PRIVATE AND BY P. AND A.



By G. K. CHESTERTON.

I HAVE just seen among those remarkable "Sayings of the Day" that are quoted in the daily Press a sentence that is quite significant. Sandwiched in between two other epigrams, between Sir Humphrey Pumpernickel's paradox, "The British Empire must look to Britons for its defence," and the equally arresting *bon mot* of the Dean of Ditchbury, "True religion includes the desire for truth"—interposed, I say, in the same setting between some such jewels as these, I find a remark that really seems to me to be a text for the philosopher. I have forgotten who said it, but he was somebody of a social importance equal to that of the great men I have named. And what he said was this, or in almost these words: "The Charleston may really be of great practical use in teaching a man to be a good golfer."

Now, that is really interesting, for it raises so many deep questions. First of all, would it be just as good if we said, "Golf may really be of great practical use in teaching us to dance the Charleston"? If not, why not? If so, have we established any principle by which we can distinguish between the primary and secondary aim? Why is one game good enough to be an end, and the other only good enough to be a means to an end? Many men may regard golf as an end. Some may regard it as a sad end, or even as connected with coming to a bad end. Such was the opinion of the Scottish minister; presumably the only Scottish minister who did not play golf. Unless, indeed, it was of himself that he was speaking in hollow tones of remorse, when he said of the man who plays golf: "He neglects his business; he forsakes his wife; he forgets his God." Some have held that these three things are arranged in their order of importance in the mind of a Scottish Puritan. But I think this is unfair, and that the minister was only leading up to a literary effect of climax. Anyhow, God is an end, but golf is not an end. It is just as unphilosophical for a man to dance with a girl in order to play golf as it is immoral for a man to desert a wife in order to play golf. Girls are more than golf-clubs in any rationally arranged hierarchy of the creatures of God. And dancing is at least as good as playing ball in any such system of relative values. It seems to me that, of the two, the reverse order is the more reasonable. It really is, I think, more sensible to play golf to perfect one's dancing than to dance to perfect one's golf. Dancing has much more approximate claim to be considered an end in itself than hitting a little ball about with a long stick.

Dancing can be beautiful; and beauty can be an absolute; it can certainly be a joy in itself. I do not say that I think most of the modern dancing I see is anything likely to be a diabolic distraction from the beatific vision; but that is a matter of particular taste and passing fashion. But certainly a man and a woman dancing might be something symbolical, spiritual, almost sacramental; certainly satisfying and complete. An artist could arrange a man and a girl in such a manner as to make a statuary group that could stand in marble and be immortal. But I am not sure whether the artist, in arranging a man and a golf-club, could satisfy his fastidious taste with any lines that would be at once light and final; living and yet eternally at rest. I can imagine him trying the golf-club at a good many different angles before he got anything like a flowing melody in stone. The golf-club would give him no assistance anyhow; while the girl might fall quite naturally into the perfect pose.

Pure and absolute beauty is attainable by dancing, if not always attained by dancers. It seems clear

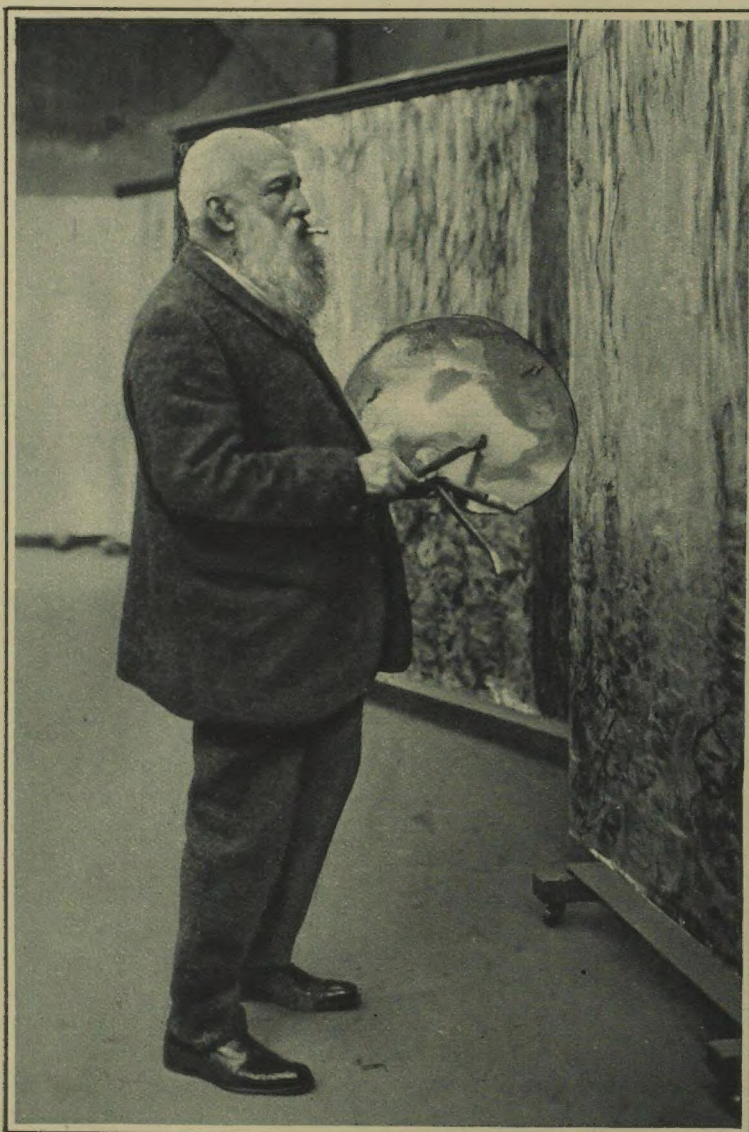
that it ought to take precedence of what is solely a physical exercise, in any consideration of the means and the end. The ball-room where the Charleston is danced should stand at the end of the links and not at the beginning. The hero who hopes to hole out in one should be sustained by the vision of the more purely æsthetic sport. His long driving should be directed towards his late dancing. This is a normal and comprehensible order of interests. But it would certainly be most unseemly if he were suddenly to leave off dancing because he thought he had sufficiently reduced his handicap. It would be the reverse of a graceful group, in the spirit of perfect sculpture,

before the horse, but they really believe that a cart is a mechanism constructed specially to draw horses. They not only empty out the baby with the bath, but they believe that a baby is a sort of secondary part of the bath-fittings made only to fit the bath. In all the current controversies, people begin at the wrong end as readily as the right end, never stopping to consider which is really the end. A little while ago an intellectual weekly started an argument among the intellectuals about whether Man has improved the earth he lives on; whether nature as a whole was better for the presence of Man. Nobody seemed to notice that this is assuming that the end of Man is to grow more grass or improve the breed of rattlesnakes, apart from any theory about the origin or object of these things. A man may serve God and be good to mankind for that reason; or a man may serve mankind and be good to other things to preserve the standard of mankind; but it is very hard to prove exactly how far he is bound to make the jungle thicker or encourage very tall giraffes.

Here again the commonsense of mankind, even working unconsciously, has always stated the matter the other way round. All sane men have assumed that, while a man may be right to feel benevolently towards the jungle, he is also right to treat it as something that may be put to his use, and something which he may refuse to assist indefinitely for its own sake at his own expense. A man should be kind to a giraffe; he should, if necessary, feed it; he may very properly stroke it or pat it on the head, even if he has to procure a ladder for these good offices. He is perfectly right to pat a giraffe; there is no objection to his patting a palm-tree. But he is not bound to regard a man as something created for the good of a palm-tree. Nor is he bound to answer the question, with any burden on his conscience: "If there were no men, would there be more palm-trees?" I only give this as one example out of many that have caught my eye lately of the fact that even thoughtful people seem to have forgotten how to think.

There are a great many other examples of putting the cart before the horse or the means before the end. One very common form of the blunder is to make modern conditions an absolute end, and then try to fit human necessities to that end, as if they were only a means. Thus people say, "Home life is not suited to the business life of to-day." Which is as if they said, "Hats are not suited to the sort of hats now in fashion." Then they might go round cutting off people's heads to meet the shortage or shrinkage of hats, and calling it The Hat Problem. They have already done this, if not with heads, at least with heads of hair. And if some of us ventured to say that we thought that Eve's golden garment or "St. Paul's crown of glory" refer to a rather more elementary and eternal thing than the particular shape of hat to be seen in the shops for a month or so, we are rebuked as romantic and reactionary and

very much behind the times. But this is an error. We are not especially behind the times. What we are is behind the scenes. And, having been behind the scenes for a reasonable period, we know pretty well how often and how rapidly the scene-shifters shift the scenes. But anyhow, we do not believe in rebuilding the whole theatre to fit one piece of paste-board marked "Drop-Scene Between Acts IV. and V."; still less in rebuilding the whole world to suit the fashion of the theatre. We have adopted the habit of distinguishing the means from the ends.



THE FIRST OF THE "IMPRESSIONIST" PAINTERS: THE LATE M. CLAUDE MONET IN HIS STUDIO.

Claude Oscar Monet, the famous "Impressionist" painter, died at his house at Giverny, on December 5, at the age of eighty-six. As the "Times" had it the other day: "Monet's artistic progress may be described as the more and more purely æsthetic organisation of his technical conquest of light and atmosphere." Amongst the works the artist exhibited in 1874 was one entitled, "Sunrise: an Impression," and it was this that gave rise to the expression "Impressionist," which was at first used as a term of ridicule. It was not until 1889 that the artist's reputation began to increase. A number of his works were shown in London from time to time, and he is represented in the Modern Foreign Section of the Tate Gallery by two pictures: "Plage de Trouville," and "Vetheuil: Sunshine and Snow."—[Photograph by the "Times."]

if he were suddenly to break away from the girl and do a bolt for the door, from the feeling that he was now suddenly summoned to the higher duties of golf. He would be lacking in *finesse*, and in instinctive psychological sympathy, were he even to explain at length to the young lady that he was only dancing with her for the good of his golf.

I take this text because there is nothing about which men are now in such a muddle as about means and ends. Most of them have quite forgotten that there are such things. They not only put the cart

THE RIVER OF CONTENTION IN CHINA: AN "INCIDENT."



A TRICK THAT WAS VAIN: A CHINESE JUNK, OBSTRUCTING A BRITISH STEAMER, RAMMED AND CUT IN HALF.

We illustrate here an incident of river traffic on the Yangtze Kiang, which occurred during earlier trouble at Hankow, but is akin to similar events of recent date. On this particular occasion the Chinese junk, of which one end is seen sinking in the background, had tried to obstruct the course of the British vessel (partly shown in the left foreground) in order to make her run ashore and thus delay the reliefs she was conveying. The man with the axe (in the upper left portion of the photograph) is the mate

of the British ship, and is apparently cutting away entanglements with the junk's rigging. Full details of the affair are not at the moment available, but apparently the British steamer, in her efforts to avoid going aground, rammed the junk amidships and cut her clean in half. The latest news from Hankow, at the time of writing, is that the presence of foreign naval forces on the Yangtze has had a quieting effect on the situation, and that the general strike threatened for December 4 did not take place.

A SCULPTOR "SECOND ONLY TO PHIDIAS": NEW CLAIMS FOR ALCAMENES.

"ALCAMENES AND THE ESTABLISHMENT OF THE CLASSICAL TYPE IN GREEK ART." By SIR CHARLES WALSTON.*

FOR some time past it has been a matter of common knowledge that this book was impending; now that it has appeared, archaeologists in all countries will be peculiarly interested to know what Sir Charles Walston has written. The distinguished author occupies what must in some respects be considered a unique position in the world of classical archaeology, and the imprint of his personality is visible throughout the book. The preface, with its echoes of Brunn, Overbeck, Newton, comes to us like a breath from a world that has long passed away. And the book, too, is cast in the grandiose mould of the heroic age. It treats afresh those great problems of Olympia pediments and Parthenon sculptures which of recent years have fallen somewhat into the background, either because the younger generation shirks such wide issues, or because all that can be said has been said long ago and the questions remain unanswered, perhaps unanswerable. Whatever may be the verdict on Sir Charles Walston's conclusions—and we suspect that in some quarters they will not be accorded too cordial a reception—it remains obvious that such a work, dealing with the very fundamentals of our knowledge of Greek art in the great age of the fifth century B.C., cannot fail to attract the general reader to an almost greater degree than the specialist.

It will be well to get a grumble or two out of the way in the first instance. While the Cambridge Press has produced the book in a pleasing form, the number of errors in detail is not creditable to it. Fully half the footnotes need revision; witness the confusion caused by the use of *ibid* in the reference to Courby, p. 145; the unfortunate state of Berlin libraries revealed on p. 152; and the amazing agglomeration of Professors Friederichs, Bausteine, and Berlin on p. 166. Similar errors are visible under many of the illustrations; *inter alia*, fig. 73 is not the Meidias vase; on fig. 82, Iamos, not Janus, is surely what Sir C. Walston must have written; while on fig. 141, by a singular fatality, is repeated a blunder which occurs in earlier works by the same author. More important, however, the illustrations, while plentiful in number, are unequal in quality—to insert a wretched line-block like fig. 138 is to give the whole series the appearance of a job lot—and at times inadequate for their purpose. Much of the argument hinges on the difference in the profiles from the two pediments of Olympia. The heads of the west pediment are well reproduced in profile; but it is not easy, from figs. 94, 95, 97, to form an idea of what the profiles on the east pediment really are like. This omission is serious. Sir C. Walston is perfectly right in his judicious warning to us to beware of restoration; but either the heads on this pediment are too fragmentary for a notion of their profiles to be gained—in which case the whole argument falls—or an effort should have been made to secure photographs which would enable the reader to observe for himself that difference which for our author marks one of the great turning-points of Greek art. A single adequately reproduced profile from the eastern pediment would have settled the argument; as it is, the reader who is not within range of an archaeological library is left without the material to satisfy himself of the validity of the contention.

But, passing over these matters of detail, the opening chapters of the book trace the development in Greece from prehistoric times of what is termed the "classical type" of face and body in art. Much of this appeared some years back in the "Journal of Hellenic Studies," and there is no need to go over

it again here. In the developed art of the fifth century, Sir C. Walston finds this "classical type" in two forms—a square-faced type, which he associates with Phidias, and a long-headed one, which he proposes to connect with Alcamenes. His reasons for the latter ascription he draws from the Olympia pediments.

Pausanias, the Baedeker of Ancient Greece, in his detailed description of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia, gives us the information that the sculptures of the eastern pediment are by Paionius, and of the western by Alcamenes. Before the Germans excavated Olympia in 1875-1881, Paionius was but a name to us; on the contrary, Alcamenes was well known from literary sources as a leading sculptor of Athens, second only to Phidias, whom he survived by many years, as he is said to have been still

The thesis of the present book, however, rests on the literal accuracy of the text of Pausanias. Admittedly, any solution can only give us the choice of difficulties. If Pausanias be right, we have to suppose that Alcamenes and Paionius were entrusted with the important commission of the pediments in extreme youth, when they were only imperfect masters of their art, and later developed their style in widely different directions: Paionius to produce, thirty years later, the Victory; Alcamenes to advance to works like the Aphrodite of which Lucian, the finest of ancient critics, wrote that in the perfect statue "the round of the cheeks and the front of the face, the hands, the graceful balance of the wrists and the delicate taper of the fingers" should be taken from the Aphrodite of Alcamenes. It is hard to imagine this said of the sculptor of the rudely masculine Apollo of Olympia.

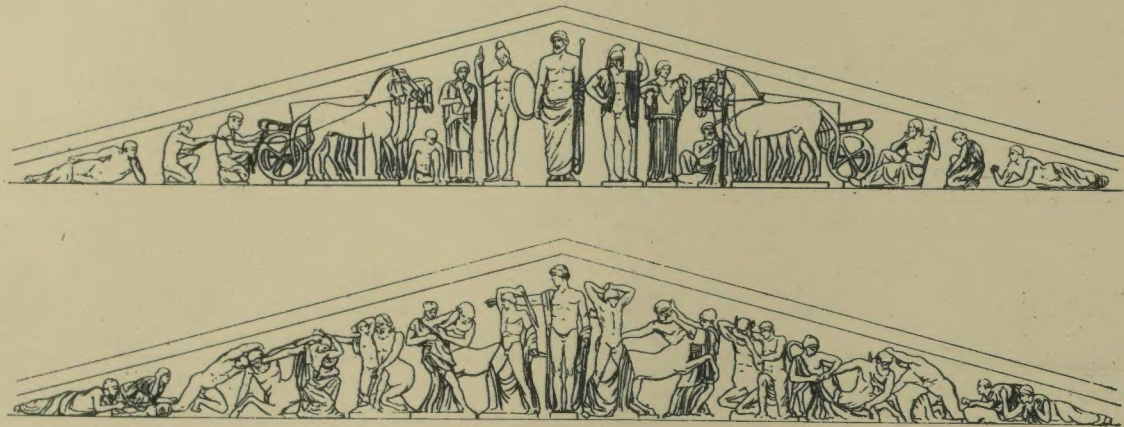
Again, most critics have failed to find any difference in the workmanship of the two pediments which would point to different sculptors. Sir C. Walston thinks that such variations do exist; but to explain the acknowledged similarities he has to suppose the assistance of local workmen; and this is dangerous, for the German excavator insist that the modifications and alterations which the groups underwent during their carving make it certain that the men who carved the stones were also responsible for the designs. If we assume that

Pausanias was misinformed, these difficulties disappear. Sir C. Walston quotes at length from Frazer to prove the general reliability of Pausanias. Granted: it is just because we know that Pausanias is as a rule to be trusted that scholars have endeavoured so desperately to fit in his words with the evidence of the actual stones. But even the best of guide-lecturers may err.

Having vindicated the accuracy of Pausanias, however, Sir C. Walston reclaims the Olympia pediment to Alcamenes, and proceeds to group around his sculptor other works. Of these the Vatican Disk-Thrower will pass without comment; for some time past there has been a vague disposition to give this to Alcamenes. His other attributions are his own. In a bronze statuette at Munich he traces the master's type of the female nude, and in the lovely bronze boy recently turned up at Pompeii he also finds Alcamenean traits. Then come three other sculptures which will occasion surprise. The Heracles in Boston has been widely regarded as a work of Myron, and the Apollo of Cassel some recent writers have also thought Myronic; while the Bologna-Dresden Athena has had a hard, homeless life ever since Furtwängler dragged her into the limelight and pronounced her the Lemnian Athena of Phidias. Since then others have tried to find a niche for her among the works of the sculptors of Argos; and only a few months back Miss C. K.

Jenkins grouped her with the Heracles and the Cassel Apollo and fathered all three on Myron. Now Sir Charles Walston claims the group for Alcamenes.

We wonder if the Lemnia has at last reached an abiding resting-place under this attribution. Certain it is that the spell which seems to hover about her, and which has led competent critics to such varying opinions of her origin, would well accord with the cloud which surrounds the elusive personality of Alcamenes. We read his praises in ancient writers; we know one undisputed work of his; there is the puzzle of the Olympia pediment; yet the man and his work evade us. Whether Sir Charles Walston will be held to have dispelled the mystery or not, time only can show; in the meantime, we pay our tribute to the courage which has tackled the difficult problem, and to the zeal which has sought to revive interest in an artist whom the voice of antiquity united in considering second to Phidias and second to Phidias alone.

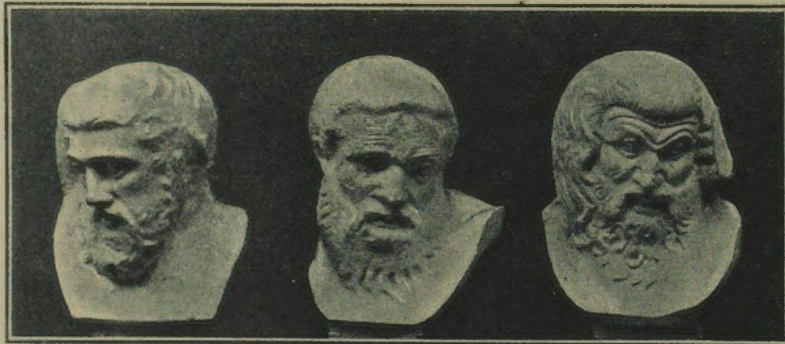


A CONTRAST BETWEEN RIGIDITY AND MOVEMENT: SCULPTURES ON THE EASTERN (ABOVE) AND WESTERN PEDIMENTS OF THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA (RESTORED DRAWINGS).

The pedimental sculptures of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia have been the subject of discussion ever since their discovery half-a-century ago. The eastern pediment (upper drawing) represents the scene immediately before the chariot-race which won for the hero Pelops the hand of his bride, Hippodamia, and her father's kingdom. In its stiff symmetry it presents a striking and deliberate contrast to the western pediment (below), which represents the fight between Centaurs and Lapiths at the marriage feast of Pirithous.

at work in 403 B.C. It was accordingly expected that, if any of the pedimental sculptures were discovered, they would show the rich, flowing style of the age following on the Parthenon, which is best exemplified in the slabs of the balustrade of Athena Nike at Athens.

But the excavations had an unexpected result; the pedimental sculptures were found, more or less complete, and they proved to be works of a far less advanced art—vigorous and ambitious, indeed, but possessing faults of execution unthinkable in any



ILLUSTRATING THE RAPID DEVELOPMENT OF THE "CLASSIC" TYPE OF FACE IN GREEK ART OF THE FIFTH CENTURY B.C.: HEADS OF CENTAURS (WILD MEN) FROM THE PARTHENON, ALL CARVED IN A SPACE OF A FEW YEARS.

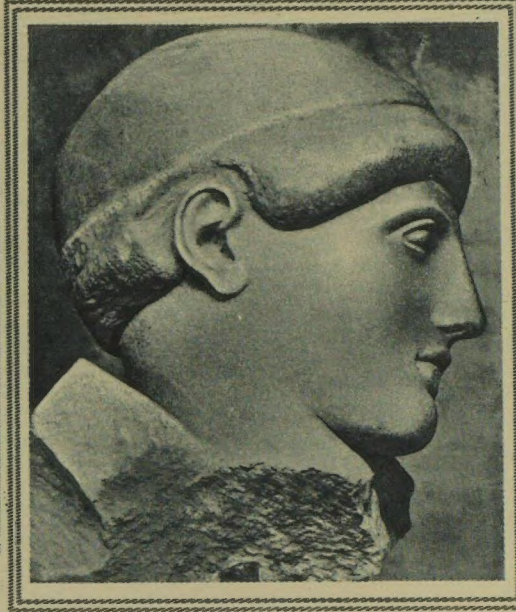
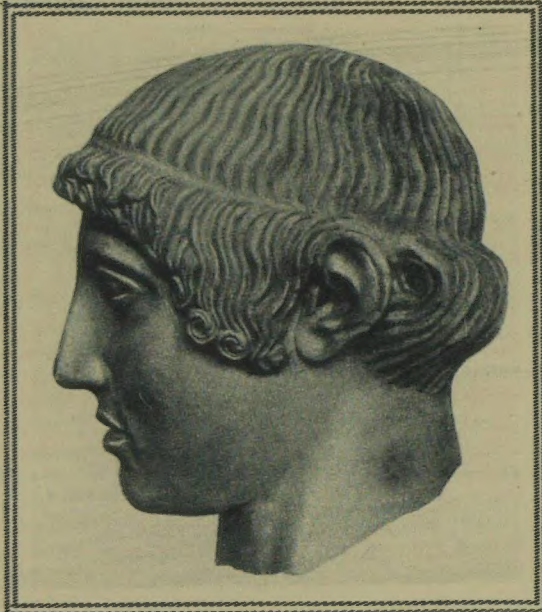
associate of Phidias. Moreover, a work came to light which can definitely be assigned to Paionius—the well-known Victory—which rendered it difficult, if not impossible, to suppose that this artist could have had a part in the pediments; and an inscription was also found which mentions other works about the Temple by this same Paionius, but says not a word about the far more important pedimental figures.

The problem is further complicated by the fact that some years later the excavations at Pergamon, in Asia Minor, yielded a head which is definitely known to be a copy of a work by Alcamenes; and this head, of which a replica has since been recognised in Berlin, shows little kinship with the Olympia sculptures. It is impossible to enter into details of the controversy here; the balance of opinion for some years past has inclined to the view that both pediments are by the same hands, the work of a local school of sculpture, and that the statement of Pausanias is simply to be disregarded as an error.

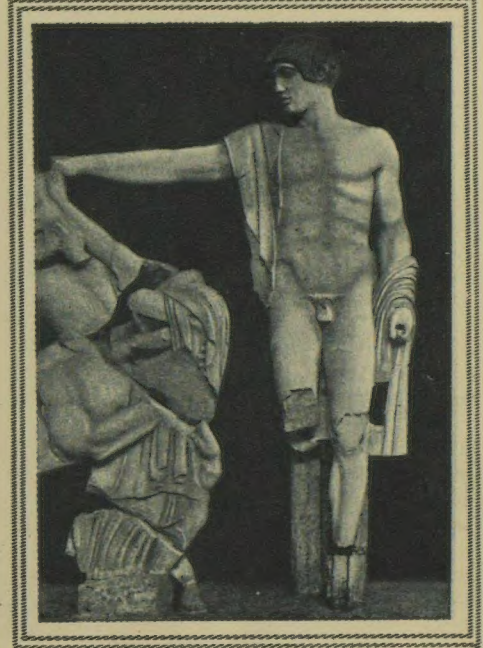
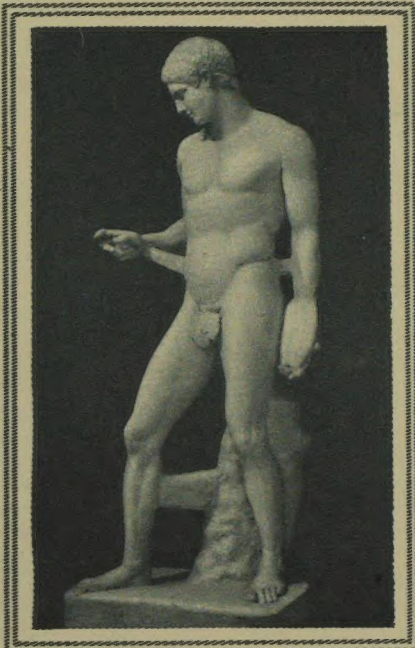
* "Alcamenes and the Establishment of the Classical Type in Greek Art." By Sir Charles Walston (Walstein). With 208 Illustrations. (Cambridge University Press; 30s. net.)

A FORGOTTEN RIVAL TO PHIDIAS: SCULPTURES ASCRIBED TO ALCAMENES.

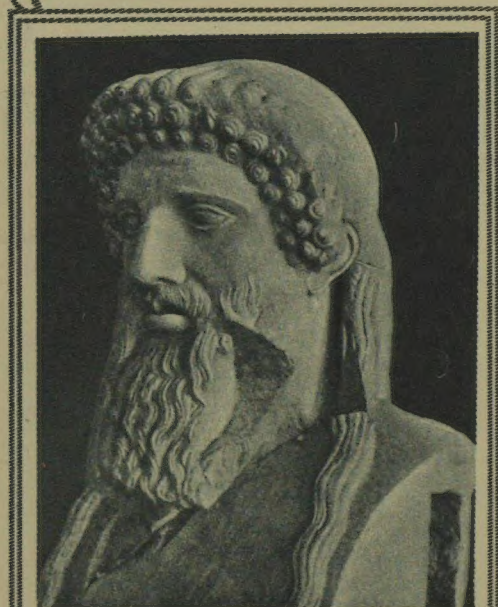
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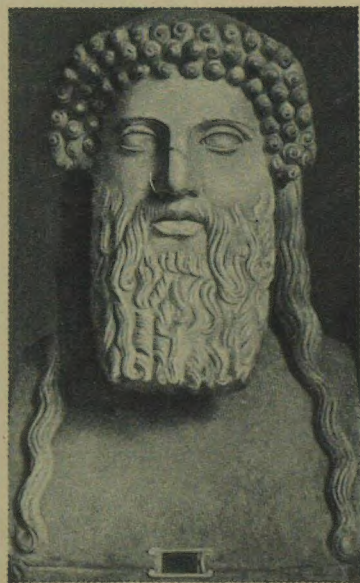
CONSIDERED BY SIR CHARLES WALSTON TO BE WORKS OF THE GREEK SCULPTOR ALCAMENES, AND THE EARLIEST EXAMPLES OF THE "CLASSICAL" TYPE OF PROFILE IN ART: THREE HEADS FROM THE WEST PEDIMENT OF THE TEMPLE OF ZEUS AT OLYMPIA—(LEFT TO RIGHT) (1) APOLLO; (2) THESEUS; (3) A LAPITH MAIDEN.



TYPES OF STATUES ASSIGNED BY SIR CHARLES WALSTON TO ALCAMENES, THE CONTEMPORARY AND RIVAL OF PHIDIAS: (FROM LEFT TO RIGHT) (1) THE LEMNIAN ATHENA—HEAD IN BOLOGNA; BODY IN DRESDEN; (2) THE DISK-THROWER IN THE VATICAN AT ROME (ANOTHER COPY IS IN THE BRITISH MUSEUM); (3) GIRL WITH A CAP; BRONZE STATUETTE IN MUNICH; (4) APOLLO, FROM THE WEST PEDIMENT OF OLYMPIA; NOW IN THE MUSEUM OF OLYMPIA.



THE ONLY DOCUMENTED COPY OF A WORK BY ALCAMENES THAT HAS SURVIVED TO US: THE HERMES OF PERGAMON.



A COPY AFTER ALCAMENES, RECOGNISED BY ITS LIKENESS TO THE HERMES OF PERGAMON; A HEAD IN THE BERLIN MUSEUM.



CONSIDERED BY SIR C. WALSTON TO REFLECT THE STYLE OF ALCAMENES: THE BRONZE HEAD OF DIONYSOS FROM HERCULANEUM (NAPLES MUSEUM).

Few great artists have disappeared from view so completely as Alcamenes, whom ancient writers describe as second only to Phidias among the sculptors of the great age of Greece. We possess two copies of a head from his hand, and descriptions of others of his works, which are said to have been renowned for delicacy of detail and finish. One author, Pausanias, tells us that the sculptures of the west pediment of the Temple of Zeus at Olympia were by him; but the accuracy of this statement has been much doubted, as large remains of these

sculptures were found during the excavation of Olympia fifty years ago, and proved very different in style from what was anticipated of Alcamenes—earlier and less advanced, and remarkable for vigour rather than for delicacy. Sir Charles Walston believes the statement of Pausanias to be correct; and, taking the Olympia sculptures as works of Alcamenes, he attributes to that artist not only a series of other statues in various museums, but also the honour of having first introduced the "classical" type of face and features into art.



THE WORLD OF SCIENCE.



SQUIDS AND CUTTLEFISH.

By W. P. PYCRAFT, F.Z.S., Author of "Camouflage in Nature," "The Infancy of Animals," "The Courtship of Animals," etc., etc.

NO one, I venture to think, harbours the slightest suspicion of disrespect in speaking of the Gardens of the Zoological Society of London as "the Zoo." Rather, that term expresses a feeling of affectionate regard. No visitor to this great city would think of leaving before he had seen the wonders of these gardens with his own eyes, and those of us who are privileged to live within its borders find them a source of never-failing delight. The "Zoo," then, was founded—the first institution of its kind—long years ago by men of science for the study of wild animals, and a man of science, aided by a council of scientific men, has been its presiding genius ever since. But from the very beginning its activities aroused the interest and the curiosity of those who made no pretence to scientific knowledge or pursuits. Reverend greybeards and children alike regard it as

barbarous language, are "Gymnosomata," the naked-bodied. But the whales reckon little of this; it suffices them that pteropods swarm in countless millions, discolouring the water for miles.

most fearsome horny beak, like that of a hawk, and quite as efficient. After the torn flesh has passed the terrible beak, it is further reduced by the action of the tongue, or "radula," which, like that of all other mollusca where a tongue is present, consists of a long ribbon, beset with rows of pointed teeth, transparent as glass, and forming a rasp. Some day I hope to discourse on these teeth-ribbons of the mollusca, for they present the most extraordinary range of variety, and are often of great beauty. Eyes, of sorts, are found in many of the mollusca. Sometimes they are mere pits

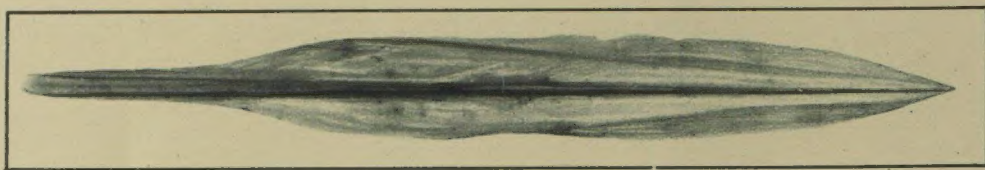


FIG. 1.—THE SINGULAR FORM OF THE "SHELL" IN SQUIDS: A SPECIMEN OF THE HORNY "PEN." The "squids," as distinguished from the typical "cuttle-fish," have a horny "pen" strengthened by thickened ribs. Some of the squids attain to a gigantic size, specimens having been taken nearly 50 ft. long, the extensible arms having a radius of about 30 ft.

At the head of each are foot-like tentacles, though in many species quite inconspicuous; while on each side the body is provided with a wing-like expansion. Here we have the cuttlefish in the making. For out of some remote ancestor, fashioned after this sort, the cuttlefish and the octopus (Fig. 4) and the nautilus have grown. The two "wings," turning downwards and inwards, came, by and by, to form a tube, which to this day in some species remains unsealed along its lower surface. In others the edges have grown together to form a complete tube, open at each end. This is the "siphon" of the octopus and the cuttlefish. Water gently drawn in for breathing, at the bag-like opening on the under-side of the body, can be forcibly expelled from the funnel or siphon, passing from its hinder end forwards with such force as to drive the body backwards with surprising speed, a method of escape somewhat disconcerting to its enemies. At the same time it can, at need, eject the inky fluid from which the sepia pigment of the artist is made.

The "fore-foot," which takes part in the formation of the head (hence the scientific name of the group, *Cephalopoda*, or head-footed), is produced to form ten long arms, provided along their under-surfaces with a series of cup-shaped, horny "suckers" (Fig. 4) for the capture of prey; their grip is deadly. Eight pairs are permanently extended; but one pair can be drawn back into the body so as to be invisible. At will, they can, however, be shot out at lightning speed. These have suckers at the tip only. At the base of each sucker is a swelling, which is a muscle. This contracts when the sucker is applied to its victim's body, thereby creating a partial vacuum and a grip which is irresistible. The arms bear the struggling victim back to a

with a lining of dark pigment; in others a crystalline lens is developed. But in none have they attained to such perfection as in the Cephalopods, wherein they are of great size and efficiency.

The shell in these creatures is of singular form. In most it constitutes a sort of backbone, embedded in the soft tissue of the body, and may be either calcareous, forming the long oval masses known as "cuttlefish bone" (Fig. 3), or horny, forming what is known as the "pen" (Fig. 1). But in the ancient fossil ammonites and in the nautilus (Fig. 2) of to-day it assumes a very different character and great beauty. To begin with, the animal may be said to be embedded in its shell, instead of having that shell embedded in the body. Again like other univalve mollusca, these creatures, as they grow, add to their mansions new chambers, which succeed one another in a spiral. The body, as growth proceeds, is withdrawn from the earlier formed chambers, which are left vacant. But in the ammonites and the nautilus we find a singular difference in structure, inasmuch as each chamber, save the last formed, is pierced by a continuous tube passing backwards to the very tip of the shell, which, in the nautilus, is the innermost cavity of the coil. In some way not yet understood, gas is passed through this tube into the surrounding cavity, thus serving to increase buoyancy. This tube is beautifully shown in the accompanying photograph (Fig. 2), which reveals the body of the creature filling the last-formed chamber.

There are many other points about the nautilus which I should like to discuss, did space permit; but I can say no more than that, unlike its more active relatives, its tentacles, or arms, bear no suckers. There are also many aspects of its life-history which still call for investigation. This reflection leads us to hope that in the not distant future we may be enabled greatly to enlarge our knowledge of this wonderful mollusc by watching its mode of life in one of the tanks in our Aquarium.

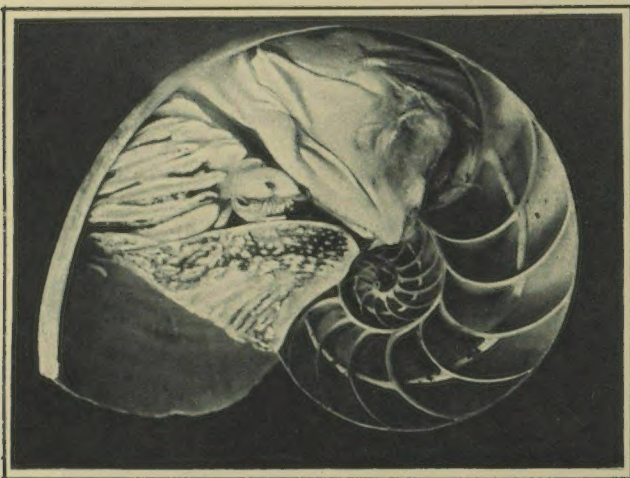


FIG. 2.—FORMED BY A SERIES OF GAS-CONTAINING CHAMBERS FED BY A CONTINUOUS TUBE: THE SHELL OF A NAUTILUS. The nautilus lives in its shell, instead of having this embedded in the back. Seen in section, this shell is found to be formed of a series of gas-containing chambers fed by a continuous tube, which passes backwards from the body to the remotest and first-formed chamber. The body of the creature is contained in the foremost chamber, and is seen withdrawn into the shell.

a species of Wonderland. I have had the privilege of its Fellowship for more years than I care to remember. And what changes have I seen! Creatures that were penned in small cages now roam, as it were, at large, often amid towering masses of rock, as though the wilderness itself, with its occupants, had been transported hither *en masse*.

One of the greatest triumphs of its presiding deities is the Aquarium, of which I find it difficult to speak in terms sufficiently restrained. To gaze into its tanks is a thrilling experience indeed, even to those who, lacking the specialist's knowledge, can see no more than strange shapes and colours and modes of motion. Hence it is that I have been asked to say something about "cuttlefish" and their kind—the latest arrivals at this house of marvels. What are cuttlefish and octopuses? And how came they by their strange, outlandish shapes, often repellent, but always fascinating? It will probably come as a surprise to many to be told that they are really "shell-fish"—cousins of the snail and the slug, the mussel and the oyster.

By what strange turn of the magician's wand can a transformation so profound have come about? Even had I space enough at my command I could not expound this mystery so that he who runs may read, since so much of the evidence I should have to produce would be of too technical a character to grasp without long study. But I can at least indicate the essential features of this story. Far out, then, in the open sea live certain soft-bodied creatures known as "sea-butterflies," and the great whales, known as "right whales," spend their lives in catching them, not for the sake of their beauty, but for their own "stomach's sake": for these frail creatures are to them as manna in the wilderness. To the man of science they are known as "Pteropods"—they of the winged bodies. Some he distinguishes as "Thecosomata," which have glassy shells; others, in his



FIG. 4.—WITH EIGHT TENTACLES COVERED ON THE UNDER-SIDE WITH SUCKERS FOR SEIZING PREY: THE LESSER OCTOPUS (*ELEDONE CIRROSA*).

In many species of octopus the arms are joined at their bases by a membrane; and in one, with a span between the tips of as much as 18 ft., this membrane is so large as to form a sort of umbrella when the arms are spread. They can also be used as legs, the animal walking head-downwards like an acrobat walking on his hands.—[Photograph by F. W. Bond.]

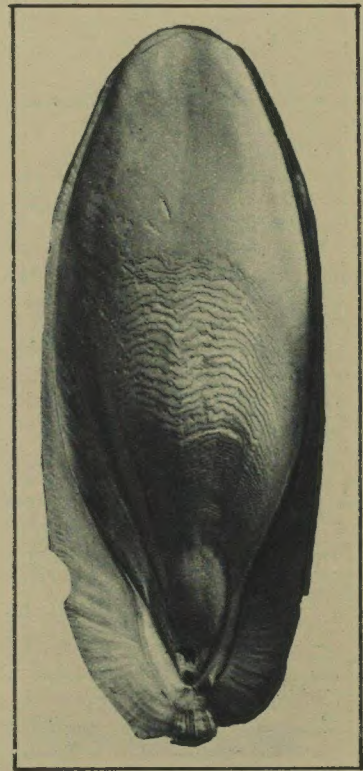
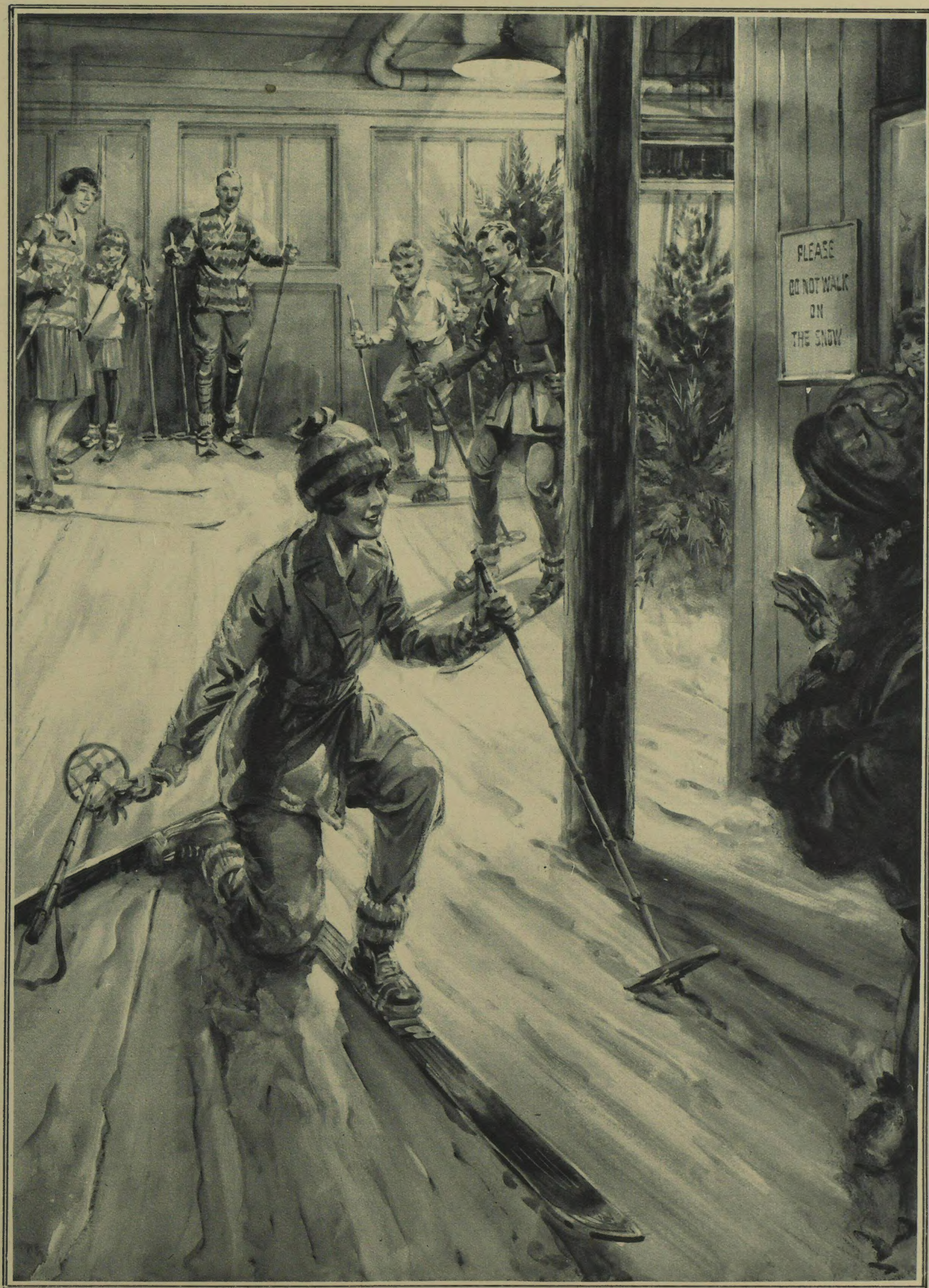


FIG. 3.—FORMED BY COUNTLESS LAYERS OF CALCAREOUS MATTER: THE "SHELL" OF THE CUTTLE-FISH.

The shells of the common cuttle-fish, or sepia, are often found cast up on the beach. They are formed of countless layers of calcareous matter. As "cuttle-fish bone" they are much in demand by aviarists, who place them in the cages of small finches to be used by them to keep their beaks in good trim.

CHEMICAL "SNOW" FOR WINTER SPORT: LONDON'S SKI SCHOOL.

DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. TURNER. (COPYRIGHTED.)



"SWITZERLAND" IN A HAYMARKET BASEMENT: A NOVICE TUMBLING ON ARTIFICIAL SNOW AT THE SKI SCHOOL.

It is no longer necessary to begin ski-ing in Switzerland as an absolute novice, and waste a short holiday, perhaps, in continual tumbles. The London Ski School, recently opened in the spacious basement at No. 31, Haymarket, enables the beginner to learn the rudiments before leaving town. A chemical substitute for snow (a compound of soda) has been discovered, and this makes a very realistic and efficient "nursery slope," with a pine-tree as a typical obstacle. The School was founded by Miss June Boland, who is a cousin of the Earl of Perth, and is also known as

a novelist. She is an ardent ski-er, and during eight winters spent in Switzerland she became impressed with the need of instruction. Her school does more than the Continental indoor ski schools, as the novice can actually learn to ski under conditions approaching reality. She has engaged famous professional instructors, including M. Miggi Meyer, of Andermatt, who during the war had charge of the Swiss Army Ski Corps. Skis, socks, and boots are provided for pupils by the School. Our drawing shows an afternoon class for novices, one finishing her first "solo" run with a fall.

At the Sign of St. Paul's

By JOHN OWEN.

Christmassy and Summerly.

Summerly may not suggest Christmas, yet it was the once celebrated "Felix Summerly" who gave us the first Christmas card. Mr. Collings Francis records in his "Notes by the Way" that the card was issued at Christmas 1846, and that "I still possess the one signed by my father: 'To my beloved wife and children.'" "Felix Summerly" was a prolific writer of annuals and guide-books. He compiled guides to the National Gallery, and at different times he edited "The Historical Register," "The Guide," and the "Journal of Design."

"Felix Summerly" was the "second self" of Sir Henry Cole, who performed miscellaneous, and most valuable, services to his country. He sat upon innumerable committees; he assisted Rowland Hill to establish the penny post; and in 1851, a year in which we constituted ourselves a nation of people living in glass houses, he was a manager of the Great Exhibition of National Complacency held in Hyde Park. He was for many years Secretary of the Science and Art Department at South Kensington; and he was a great collector of records. The records he assembled were not of the sort gathered by Mr. J. B. Hobbs or Mr. Bobby Abel. No; Cole's records were historical. And he was not only a collector of records himself, but the cause of a developing passion for records in others.

A Record Maker.

Cole, indeed, began a campaign for a scientific handling of all public records. Their value, and the need to preserve them, may have been first impressed on his mind when, as a young man, he was called on hastily to rescue many important documents that must otherwise have been destroyed by the burning down of the Houses of Parliament in 1834.

A direct result of Cole's work was the establishment of the Record Office. There were probably old ladies of the period, of both sexes, who imagined that, by some mysterious process, the destruction of the Parliament buildings by fire resulted either from the incendiary speeches or the hot air generated by a lately awakened democracy speaking through a Reformed House. Cole thought only of the fire itself, and as of something endangering his beloved records; and we are told that, in his later years, so careful was he that he would go over the building of the South Kensington Museum after closing hours, to be quite sure everything was safe.

Three Generations.

If Cole gave us the Record Office, "Summerly" gave us many Christmas annuals and children's books. Among the artists he commissioned were Mulready—who had at least one association with the Post Office—and J. C. Horsley. And it was to Horsley he went to design the first Christmas card. Horsley's family, by the way, provides an example of three generations of professional eminence. His father was in his day a well-known composer, an organist of the Charterhouse, and a founder of the Philharmonic Society; he himself, becoming a painter, was elected R.A. in 1864; while his son was, of course, the surgeon so well known as Sir Victor Horsley.

"A Book for Boys and Girls."

Cole has been called a pioneer of children's books. But many such volumes were published before his day. There has just appeared in the auction room, for instance, a copy of the extremely rare first edition of Bunyan's "A Book for Boys and Girls," published in 1686. Lacking the world-wide fascination attaching to a first edition of "The

Pilgrim's Progress," it is regarded by collectors as the rarest of all the works of the "vagrant oft in quod." The late Dr. John Brown has said that after the book's first appearance it was not again reprinted during Bunyan's lifetime, and that the first edition to be published after his death was much altered and cut down. Yet it was this second edition that continued for more than two hundred years to be regarded as the first issue. Only when the genuine "first" made its appearance in the auction room was the fact of its existence recognised.

Enquiries brought to light the fact that this mysterious volume had belonged to a once celebrated bibliographer, the charmingly named Narcissus Luttrell, who bought it at its published price, sixpence, in the year of its first publication. It was the practice of Narcissus to mark his books with the date of purchase and the price paid. Afterwards, the volume



The Bishop of Ely was, attached by the mob and dragged from the north door of Old St. Paul's to Cheapside, where he was proclaimed a traitor and beheaded. 1327.

title reading "A Book for Boys and Girls or Country Rhymes for Children. By J.B. Licensed and Entred according to Order. London Printed for N. P. and Sold by the Booksellers in London 1686."

Morell Mackenzie.

The publication of the ex-Kaiser's "Early Life" and Emile Ludwig's "Kaiser Wilhelm II." has, I see, revived discussion about the last days of William's father, the Emperor Frederick. The ex-Kaiser appears to insist on Morell Mackenzie's duplicity. According to him, when the celebrated English physician went to Berlin to examine Frederick, he diagnosed cancer, but did not declare his opinion, as he believed that if he did so his patient could not succeed to the throne. If we are to judge by the records left by Mackenzie himself, and by those who knew him, we must repudiate this charge against one who was acknowledged in his own day to be not only a distinguished medical authority, but a man of high character. The truth is that Mackenzie was not welcomed in Berlin. He was considered an interloper in a Court circle where every English influence was suspect, and he had there an extremely "thin" time. He must have rejoiced to escape.

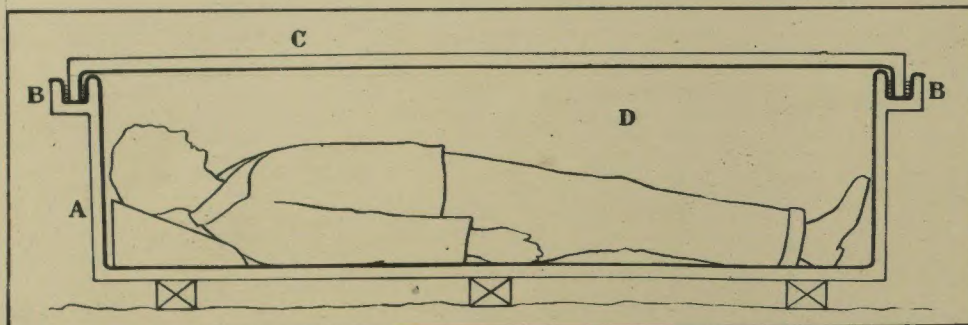
The Kaiser Frederick. From his illustrious patient, Mackenzie can only have received kindness. Whatever may be the verdict upon the character of Frederick's son, Frederick himself—the man who ruled his country for a few months only, and always from a sick-room—impressed his English visitors, no less than his own people, as a good and heroic soul. It was a young Englishman who wrote of him at the time: "All too early, too soon for the accomplishment of many cherished plans, after an heroic endurance of pain and disappointment, he was taken from us in the pride of his manhood and strength; and as they bore him on that summer morning from his happy home of thirty years, there came into the present writer's mind the words—

Thou art the ruins of the noblest man
That ever lived in the tide of times."

The passage figures in a work written in 1888, at the request of the Empress Frederick, by a young member of the British Diplomatic Service whose name is familiar to us to-day as Sir Rennell Rodd.

The Careful Butler.

The ex-Kaiser's recollections of his early home life might be supplemented by an agreeable story, quoted by Sidney Whitman from the "Reminiscences" of Professor Hans Delbrueck, which illustrates the extreme frugality at one time imposed in Germany even upon the most exalted. It happened that one day William's mother, the Crown Princess, while shopping in Berlin, ordered some Apollinaris water. That night at dinner she enquired of the butler whether it had arrived. "Yes, your Imperial Highness," he answered, "but we must first drink the soda water that we have in stock." Delbrueck says that that was too much even for the Crown Prince, brought up though he was to practise the most severe economies, and he administered a sharp rebuke to the over-careful man.



SHOWING HOW A "FAKIR" CAN BE BURIED IN A HERMETICALLY SEALED "COFFIN" FOR A CONSIDERABLE PERIOD AND REMAIN ALIVE: AN EXPERIMENT BY M. PAUL HEUZÉ.

Interested in the fact that certain "Fakirs" have been shut up in a coffin, buried alive for about an hour, and have then emerged still alive, M. Paul Heuzé determined to experiment. He had made the coffin illustrated. A is the air-tight zinc "coffin"; B are gutters filled with water; C is the zinc lid resting in the water-filled gutters and thus ensuring air-tightness; D indicates the volume of air left when the experimenter was in the coffin (about 400 litres). Below the diagram, M. Heuzé is seen in the coffin, in which he remained for an hour and a quarter. Theoretically, at the rate of sixteen inspirations of half a litre of air a minute, the person in the "coffin" could breathe for fifty minutes. In practice, however, the air expires, the lungs still contain oxygen, and a new mixture is formed. Further, the more vitiated the atmosphere, the quicker the breathing. Various scientists suggested from fifteen to forty minutes as the possible duration of a safe stay in the "coffin." M. Heuzé got into the coffin at 10.30, and it was not until 11.45 that he signalled by knocks that he was beginning to feel uncomfortable, and he was then released. The sensation of discomfort and quickened breathing had begun after fifty minutes.

passed to the Duke of Buckingham, and, says Dr. Brown, in his introduction to the facsimile of the "Book for Boys and Girls" which was issued in 1889, the book "probably remained undisturbed all through the eighteenth century and on into the nineteenth; and, on the breaking up of the great collection of which it formed part, it seems to have found its way back into the hands of the trade." Being sold to an American, this copy ultimately was bought by an English purchaser, and found its way at last to the British Museum.

The defects of the later, but supposedly first, edition were now discovered. The first edition is prefaced by an alphabet and a list of Christian names, which Brown believed was an insertion by a benevolent publisher, and not the work of Bunyan. These, together with many verses, were omitted from the second issue. The scattered lines of musical notation, that look so oddly attractive in the first, were also missing from the second edition. But we now have the complete volume before us, with its

"PANTOMIME" HOUSES AND TOOTHLESS WIVES : LIFE IN CENTRAL SUMATRA.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN COLLINGWOOD INGRAM. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 1162.)



1. WITH PROTRUDING ROOF PEAKS, LIKE A SHIP'S PROW : HOUSES IN A BATAK KAMPONG, OR CLUSTER OF THATCHED BUILDINGS, IN THE BALIGE DISTRICT OF SUMATRA



2. LIKE A FANTASTIC COTTAGE IN A FAIRY-TALE ILLUSTRATION : ONE OF THE STRANGE "SADDLE-BACK" DWELLINGS, WITH WOVEN BAMBOO WALLS, NEAR FORT DE KOCK, SUMATRA.



3. WHERE ALL MARRIED WOMEN HAVE THEIR FRONT TEETH FILED : A KARO BATAK WOMAN AND BABY.



4. DECORATED WITH CONVENTIONAL REPTILES (SEEN ON THE TWO FOREMOST HOUSES, AND ON PAGE 1162) : A KARO BATAK KAMPONG AT KABAN DJAHE, SUMATRA, SUGGESTING A PANTOMIME VILLAGE.



5. ONE WITH A "HARD, CRUEL EXPRESSION" TYPICAL OF HER RACE : KARO BATAK GIRLS.



6. BATHING IN TOBA MEER, THE HUGE INLAND LAKE AMONG THE CENTRAL HILLS OF SUMATRA : A GROUP OF BATAK CHILDREN, AND A WOMAN WEARING A DRESS WITH HER ARM ROUND A YOUNG CHILD.



7. WITH CURIOUS PADS ON THEIR HEADS, APPARENTLY USED FOR CARRYING PURPOSES : WOMEN OF THE SIBARONG-BARONG BATAKS ON THE EASTERN SHORE OF LAKE TOBA, SUMATRA.

Describing the central highlands of Sumatra (in his article on page 1162), Captain Collingwood Ingram writes: "The native *kampongs*—close clusters of thatched buildings—lie scattered through the landscape, still unspoilt and untouched by the levelling hand of civilisation. This territory—said to be the cradle of the Malay race—is inhabited by various tribes of warlike Bataks. Even to the lay eye, these display clannish differences in dress, architecture, and customs that are really amazing. . . . Some of the buildings of the Karo Bataks (Fig. 4) are of immense size, with curious, high-pitched, thatched roofs and ornamental painted

ends. In the Balige district they are of rather simpler design with protruding peaks to the roof, like a ship's prow (Fig. 1); while in the neighbourhood of Fort de Kock, the strange saddle-backed dwellings with woven bamboo walls (Fig. 2) are even more strikingly characteristic. . . . The women were always shyer than the men, and in some districts it was quite impossible to take a photograph of them. From an æsthetic point of view, perhaps, this was no loss, for, with their hard, cruel expressions and their toothless gums—the married women always file down their front teeth—they were not very pleasing to look upon."

THE "CRADLE" OF THE MALAY RACE.

LIFE IN THE LITTLE-KNOWN HIGHLANDS OF SUMATRA.

By CAPTAIN COLLINGWOOD INGRAM.

SCRAPS of conversation heard in the smoke-room of a liner, a magazine article, or a borrowed book of travel—little by little all these contribute to give one a preconceived idea of most parts of the world. But of Sumatra I had heard or read practically nothing; upon this island my mind was still a blank. The map told me that it was a huge mass of land lying athwart the Equator, and that it formed a part of the Dutch East Indies. It showed me also that its long, irregular coast-lines ran roughly north-west and south-east; but of its people, its animals, its plant life, and the hundred and one other things that characterise a country, I could learn nothing. Search as I would through the Singapore shops I could find no literature to enlighten me, and the booksellers all declared that they knew of no English work dealing with the subject. My curiosity was piqued. Why not go to Sumatra instead of tourist-ridden Java, which was my original objective? It so happened that a Dutch boat, flying the Blue Peter, was lying in the roadstead, bound for Belawan, and in less than an hour, bag and baggage, I was on board.

It is only within comparatively recent times that the Dutch have penetrated to the central districts of Sumatra. Until the latter half of last century, the warlike cannibal tribes of the Toba Highlands had successfully resisted all advances of civilisation, but now they appear to live in comparative harmony with their conquerors, and to have more or less completely curbed their outlandish appetites.

"Ze Bataks about here are now all Christians," I was informed by an old Dutchman near Balige. "Zay no longer cannibals—but ze ozzer day, zay eat ze missionary's dog. Ze doctor, too, he lose his dog. Zay very fond of dog—and, maybe, if zay were to haf a fight, zay would still tink it a pity to waste ze dead peoples!"

As yet, the Dutch have only built a few miles of railway in Sumatra, but they have driven a broad road right across the island, and one can now motor in comparative comfort from Belawan, on the eastern coast, to Sibolga and Padang on the western shore. This seven hundred miles of road is fraught with interest. Soon after leaving Medan it passes through a torrid zone given over to the cultivation of tobacco, beyond which lie a series of undulating foot-hills covered with rubber and tea plantations. Where the land commences to rise steeply, to the central plateau, it plunges into a dense tropical forest to emerge later on a grassy plain several thousand feet above sea-level.

In its climate, people, and vegetation this highland district is so vastly different from the sweltering lowlands that one seems to have passed, in a few short hours, from one continent to another. Medan and the coastal districts are inhabited by a cosmopolitan assemblage of white, yellow, and brown races, with Chinese shopkeepers and imported Javanese coolies apparently predominating. Motors, trains, and bicycles all tend to produce an atmosphere of civilisation which is fully maintained by the well-built, whitewashed dwellings of the Dutch officials. Here one might almost be anywhere "East of Suez," but up on the Toba Meer plateau, beyond Brastagi, all is changed.

One can travel a hundred miles on end without seeing a white man, and the native *kampongs*—close clusters of thatched buildings—lie scattered through the landscape, still unspoiled and untouched by the levelling hand of civilisation. This territory—said to be the cradle of the Malay race—is inhabited by various tribes of warlike Bataks. Even to the lay eye, these display clannish differences in dress, architecture, and customs that are really amazing, and can only have been evolved by long periods of isolation resulting from continuous inter-tribal enmity. The aggregation of buildings in small quadrangular enclosures surrounded by low ramparts is very suggestive of defensive measures, and I have no doubt that the dense fringe of bamboos that is planted thickly upon all these earth walls used to form very effective barriers against surprise attack. Some of the buildings of the Karo Bataks are of immense size, with curious high-pitched thatched roofs and ornamental painted ends; in the Balige district they are of rather simpler design, with protruding peaks to the roof like a ship's prow; while in the neighbourhood of Fort de Kock, the strange saddle-backed dwellings, with woven bamboo walls, are even more strikingly characteristic.

Although not amenable to employment, the Bataks seem to be an industrious people so far as the cultivation of rice is concerned, and all the ground that is at all suitable appears to be utilised for this cereal. On the shores of that huge inland lake, Toba Meer, one sees wide stretches of paddy-fields, and in the midst of these swamp-lands rise, like oases or little islands, the tree-encircled *kampongs*

of the natives. Bare to the waist, with tucked-up *sarongs* of blue and purple, hundreds of women may be seen working knee-deep in the mud, either weeding, thinning, or planting the new crop of rice.

The natives, like most primitive people, had a superstitious dread of the camera, and it always required a combination of tact and money to overcome this prejudice. On one occasion, imagining that these preliminaries were not necessary with a small boy, I hurriedly turned and "caught" the child as he was clambering up his home

vegetables, ducks, and chickens were all being conveyed in rather ordinary wicker baskets or cages, but the pigs—small, black, wild-looking animals—were carried in a somewhat unusual manner. Narrow strips of palm-leaves were woven under the belly and round the fore-neck to form a kind of harness or sling, which was attached above the back to a long pole borne by two men. If the animal happened to be small enough, a palm-leaf handle was added to the sling, and the hapless creature was carried, like a portmanteau, by hand. As though to add to the

comic appearance of the procession, broad-bladed leaves were often fixed umbrella-wise over the pig's head. I do not suppose that this was done out of any consideration for the pig's comfort, but merely to prevent it from being unduly distressed by long exposure to the sun's rays before being offered for slaughter in the market. On the grassy uplands above four thousand feet a certain number of ponies are raised—shaggy, boneless little beasts, rather like those of Japan. Goats, buffalo, cattle, and a few sheep are also produced in these cooler grazing districts.

A tropical night is always a thing of enchantment; but there are no nights quite so wonderful as those of the Sumatra highlands. As the dense purple darkness closes in like the shutter on a lantern slide, blotting out the blue waters of the lake lying deep in the folds of the mountains and hiding the tangled jungle beyond, the night insects begin their chant, and one sees the little lights of the fireflies flickering in the shadows. In all the swampy places the marsh creatures also commence their incessant chorus; one kind of frog repeats a very clear piping note like a bird, while another sort keeps up a weird

resonant croak that is of almost deafening quality. Although this extraordinary din is loudest at nightfall, it must not be thought that it is confined to the hours of darkness; in the green shadows of the deep, steamy glades they sing and chant all day long—a permanent background, as it were, to the monotonous calls of the tropical birds. At times the instrumental excitement of some of the cicadas is almost incredible—a shrill, sustained, whirring screech that dies away with a vibrant metallic rattle. Another species produces a sound so loud and harsh that on several occasions I actually mistook it for the rasping notes of a klaxon. The crickets, and a huge brown grasshopper, also contribute their quota, and are ceaseless with their shrill stridulations.

But it is not these sounds, nor the hot, earthy fragrance of the velvety darkness, that enshrine these nights in one's memory. It is the silent lightning that is almost constantly illuminating the sky with its quivering effulgence. The whole air must be charged with electricity; now in one quarter, now in another, there is a sudden quivering flare of light, so bright that for brief moments mountains, lake, and jungle are sharply etched in jetty black against the glaring background. Night after night, hour after hour, the heavens are lit by these thunderless flashes, and they seem to be a phenomenon peculiar to this part of the world.

And then comes the dawn—the wonderful tropical dawn that appears with a sudden up-flinging of light. There is then a delicious damp freshness in the air that is wonderfully invigorating: the vegetation is drenched with sparkling dew, and ragged wisps of mist float silently upwards out of the valleys. All avine life, refreshed by the cool hours of the waning night, becomes joyously clamorous, and strange bird voices, heard at no other time of the day, take up the nocturnal chorus, and fill the glades with their liquid notes and babbling cries. Birds are plentiful in Sumatra, and there are many species of gaudy hue. The bee-eaters, orioles, sunbirds, and barbets are perhaps the most conspicuous in this respect; but the strangest and most fantastic is undoubtedly the huge hornbill (*Dichoceros bicornis*) that haunts the age-old jungles. Where the timber is tallest one can often see him winging his way with loudly creaking pinions from one forest giant to another. Even after settling, his movements are ungainly, and he passes from bough to bough with a curious swinging hop. On one occasion I noticed two feeding on the fruits of an immense tree in which were also a number of monkeys. The latter were keenly interested in the birds, and obviously inclined to play pranks with them: it was quite clear that a few of the boldest were only waiting an opportunity to tweak the hornbills by the tail, but apparently the monkeys had a very wholesome fear of their formidable bills, and could never pluck up enough courage to approach within pecking distance.

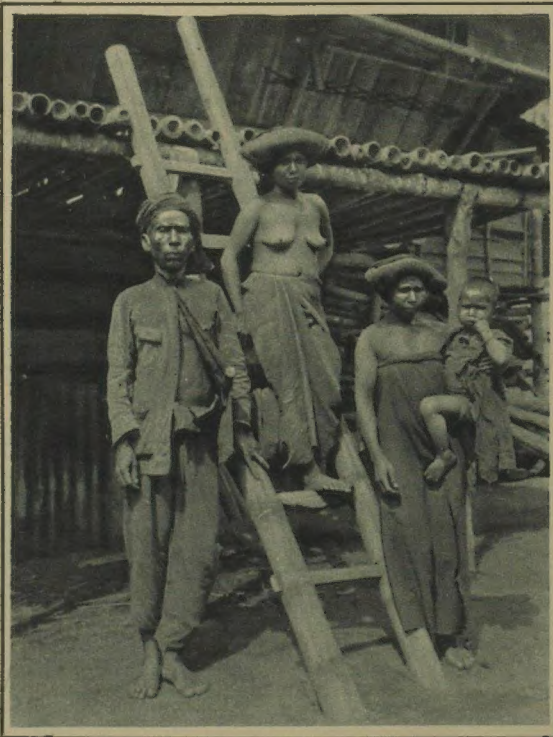
The natives train another species of monkey, of larger size and with a relatively shorter tail, to collect their coconuts for them. These are sent up the trees on the end of a long lead, which is violently jerked, to the accompaniment of an angry chatter, as soon as the animal stops

[Continued on Page 1202]



THE BEAUTY OF SUMATRA LANDSCAPE: A PICTURESQUE RIVER SCENE NEAR SIBOLGA ON THE WEST COAST.

ladder. The result was certainly startling. With a screech of mingled fear and fury, he promptly raised an ugly-looking *kris*, and would have undoubtedly hurled it at me with all his infant might had he not been restrained by his much-amused relatives. The women were always shyer than the men, and in some districts it was quite impossible openly to take a photograph of them. From an aesthetic point of view, perhaps, this was no loss, for, with their



DOMESTIC LIFE IN SUMATRA: A KARO BATAK WITH HIS WIVES OUTSIDE HIS HOUSE, ON WHICH MAY BE SEEN A CONVENTIONAL REPTILE DESIGN.

On the side of the house (top right in photograph) may be noted a conventional design of a reptile. This is commonly met with on the Kaban Djahe buildings (See also Fig. 4, page 1161). It is not painted, but made with woven black palm fibres threaded into the walls.

hard, cruel expressions and their toothless gums—the married women always file down their front teeth—they were not very pleasing to look upon.

One day we passed an almost endless procession of villagers carrying their wares to a central market. The

SUMATRA: THEATRE-LIKE RICE TERRACES; COCONUT-PICKING MONKEYS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY CAPTAIN COLLINGWOOD INGRAM. (SEE HIS ARTICLE ON PAGE 1162.)



"BLUE WATERS OF THE LAKE LYING DEEP IN THE FOLDS OF THE MOUNTAINS": A VIEW OVER TOBA MEER, WITH ITS LINE OF RECEDING HEADLANDS, IN THE CENTRAL HIGHLANDS OF SUMATRA.



LIKE AN ANCIENT GREEK THEATRE: TERRACED PADDY-FIELDS IN CENTRAL SUMATRA, WHERE, AMID SWAMP-LANDS, "RISE, LIKE OASES OR LITTLE ISLANDS, THE TREE-ENCIRCLED KAMPONGS OF THE NATIVES."



HOLDING THE LEAD ATTACHED TO A MONKEY TRAINED TO PICK COCONUTS (UP A TREE OUT OF THE PICTURE): A NATIVE BOY IN CENTRAL SUMATRA—SHOWING TYPICAL COSTUME AND HOUSES.



TRAINED TO TWIST COCONUTS OFF THEIR STALKS AND HURL THEM TO THE GROUND: A SUMATRAN MONKEY WITH HIS MASTER, WHO JERKS THE LEAD WHEN THE ANIMAL STOPS WORKING.

"On the shores of that huge inland lake, Toba Meer," writes Captain Collingwood Ingram in his article on Sumatra (page 1162), "one sees wide stretches of paddy-fields, and in the midst of these swamp-lands rise, like oases or little islands, the tree-encircled kampongs of the natives." Describing the monkeys of Sumatra, he says: "The natives train another species, of larger size and with a relatively short tail, to collect their coconuts for them. These monkeys

are sent up the trees on the end of a long lead, which is violently jerked, to the accompaniment of an angry chatter, as soon as the animal stops working. He always searches very carefully through the bunch for a ripe nut, and then, holding on firmly with his feet, he twists it round and round with both hands until it is severed at the stalk, when it is immediately hurled to the ground—and woe betide any unsuspecting person that happens to be passing below."

The World of the Theatre.

By J. T. GREIN.

THE MACDONA PLAYERS IN "THE DOCTOR'S DILEMMA."—THE INTERNATIONAL THEATRE.

ALL that part of the World of the Theatre that appreciates intellectual plays intelligently rendered should go to the Kingsway. There is a regular regalement in store for them. I have seen many of the productions of Mr. Macdonia—who deserves so well of the theatre and renders yeoman service to the propaganda of "G. B. S.'s" great work—but none excels this fine *ensemble* in "The Doctor's Dilemma." The play is as engrossing as ever. The first act, with its masterly characterisations of the doctors, stands out as one of the supreme intellectual achievements in modern drama. If Shaw had written nothing but that act, he would be remembered as a master. His knowledge is immense and peculiar—even doctors admit it. His figures are distinct and alive. The discussions on medical subjects—in themselves caviare to the layman—are so interesting and so informing that we are carried away by their portent. We peep, as it were, into a world of which we know next to nothing except by hearsay, and which to us becomes a revelation allied to boundless admiration for the author handling this most difficult subject with the ease and assurance of a member of the profession. Of course, the play is full of satire of manners and methods; it is in some way an exposure as well as an exposition. But it is also a human document: it rings true except

to London; but one and all did wonderful team-work. The Dubedat of Mr. Esmé Percy was artistic not only in the author's conception, but in the actor's portrayal. He was the artist who ordains a world of his own, who defies convention and morality, who uses every means to attain his ends—a remnant of Mürger's "Bohème" grafted on the manner of an idealised Apache. In the death-scene, with its superhuman *flux de bouche*, he conveyed the gradual exhaustion beyond all theatrical efforts. Miss Gwen Ffrangcon-Davies, as the wife who played the guileless siren to all the men of light and leading, made her a simple maiden, tender, clinging, casting her spell unconsciously. She was, perhaps, just a little too *bourgeoise*, too little Chelsea, to make us realise all Dubedat saw in her. But in a way this was a quality. It is a peculiarity of genius to prefer the adoration of a humble soul to the flamboyancy of the enchantress.

Under the presidency of the Spanish Ambassador, the Marquis Merry del Val, a numerous gathering attended the meeting at Dr. Waggett's house on Dec. 2 to initiate the new campaign of the International Theatre. Many States were represented by their Ambassadors, Ministers, or *Chargés d'Affaires*—thus Belgium, Sweden, Norway, Hungary, Latvia, Esthonia—almost a detachment of the League of Nations. The Spanish Ambassador paid a warm tribute to the work of Miss Kitty Willoughby, whose activities for a long while were impeded by a serious accident, but who now, with an iron will and unabated

zest, had resumed the directorship. In a brilliant oration he gave a graphic outline of the Spanish drama, paying, incidentally, a compliment to the excellent performance of Sierra's "Cradle Song" at the Fortune Theatre. He pleaded for better knowledge of the playwrights of Spain, and he was happy to announce that the first performance of the International Theatre, on Jan. 25, would be Echegaray's modern classic, "El Gran Galíoto."

Miss Jeanne de Casalis, the well-known actress, who rose to fame in "Fata Morgana," then pleaded for the cause, and said, in a memorable discourse, delivered in flawless English: "The possibility, the hope, of establishing an International Theatre in London is indeed as inspiring to the actor as it must be to the playwright and to the theatre-goer. For I do most fervently believe that it is only in this direction that the theatre can progress. Any other form of theatre is a *cul de sac*. Societies for the production of Elizabethan plays or early Victorian plays, or Shakespeare or Molière plays, may be very interesting and accomplish valuable work, but there must necessarily come a time when they have completed the cycle and must either start again where they began, or

stop. I am absolutely positive that an International Theatre is the only theatre for any country to believe in as a permanent self-supporting institution. I would go so far as to say that the International Theatre is the only practical theatre; the only theatre possible financially as well as artistically. It is the best that pays in the long run. The great thing is that the goods are there, and that the goods have to be properly managed. Good plays are good policy. Therefore, the foundations of our International Theatre are sound and solid because we are dealing with the best of every country—the world is our market, and we are only dealing with the best the world can give us."

Finally, Miss Kitty Willoughby made an appeal to the audience. She referred to what she had done and what she hoped

to do. She had a store-house of plays besides the Spanish one mentioned. She had plays from Germany, from Denmark, from Sweden, even from Latvia and Esthonia; and in some cases the interest taken in her enterprise, particularly by the smaller States, was so great that they provided her with excellent English translations and held out the possibilities of a small subsidy to the performances.

In a short outline of her policy she stated that henceforth, every month, drawing-room meetings would be held to foster the movement, and she fervently appealed to all present to strengthen her elbow by subscribing to the coming season. She was convinced that the work they were doing was good work that would bear fruit, and in her ideal she saw the prospect not of a mere single performance, but of a Playhouse entirely devoted to plays of all nations. Her speech was greeted with great enthusiasm, and many hearers filled in forms of subscription; so the future augurs well for the work to which Miss Kitty Willoughby, unselfishly and full of ardour, has attached her name.



THE MARGUERITE OF THE FILM "FAUST": MISS CAMILLA HORN, THE NEW PICTURE STAR.

In the film "Faust," Miss Horn is the Marguerite; Mr. Emil Jannings, the Mephisto; Mr. Gosta Ekman, the Faust; and Mlle. Yvette Guilbert the Martha. The film has been titled and edited by Mr. Arnold Bennet.



THE REVIVAL OF "TRELAWNY OF THE WELLS" AT THE GLOBE THEATRE: MR. LEONARD UPTON AS ARTHUR GOWER, MR. LEON QUARTERMAINE AS TOM WRENCH, MISS MARGARET BANNERMAN AS ROSE TRELAWNY, AND MISS EVELYN DANE AS IMOGEN PARROTT.—[Photograph by Lenare.]

in the death-scene of Dubedat, which is harrowing and yet not moving.

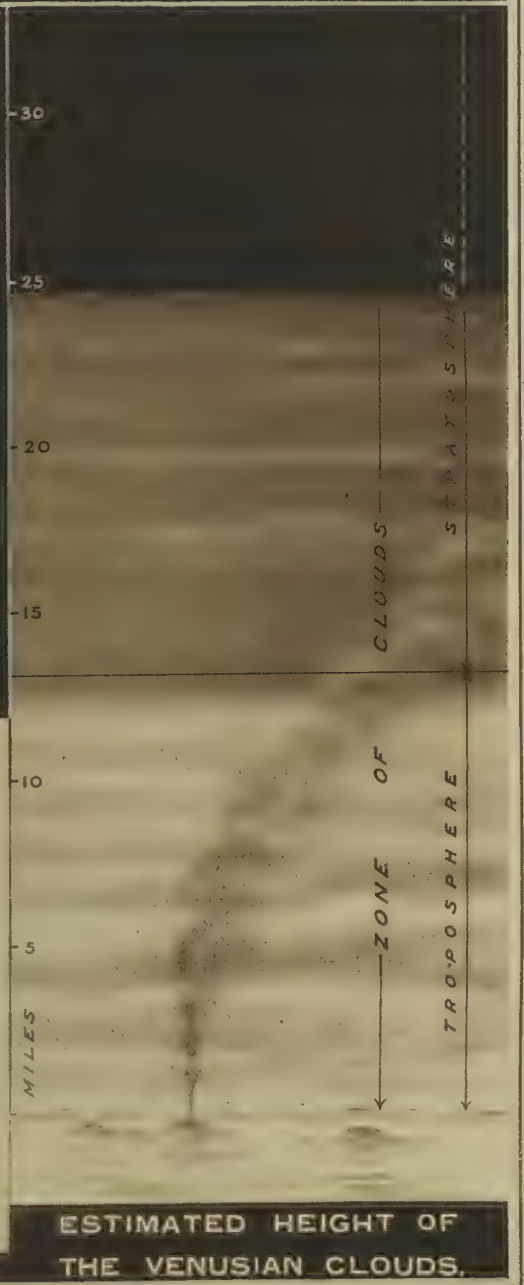
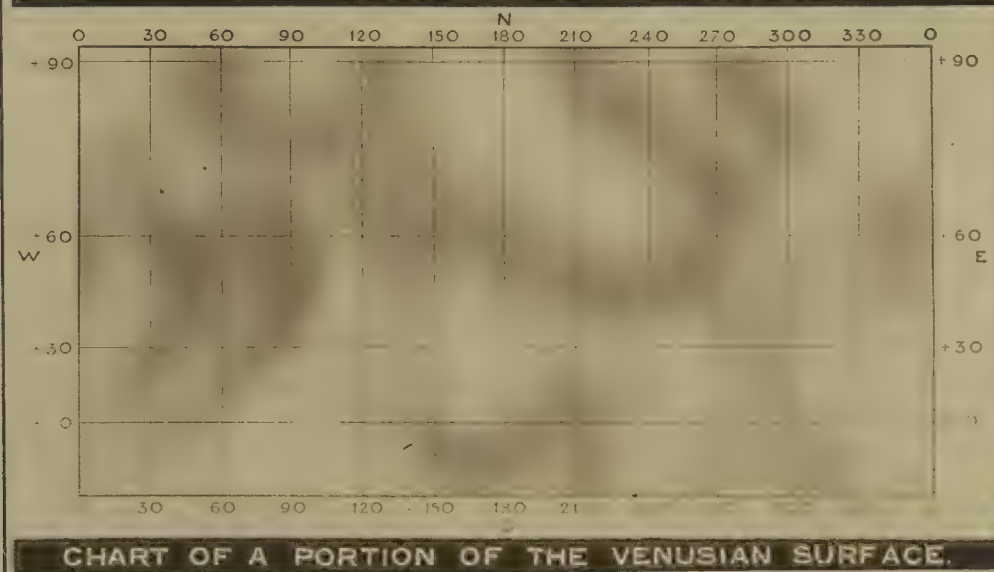
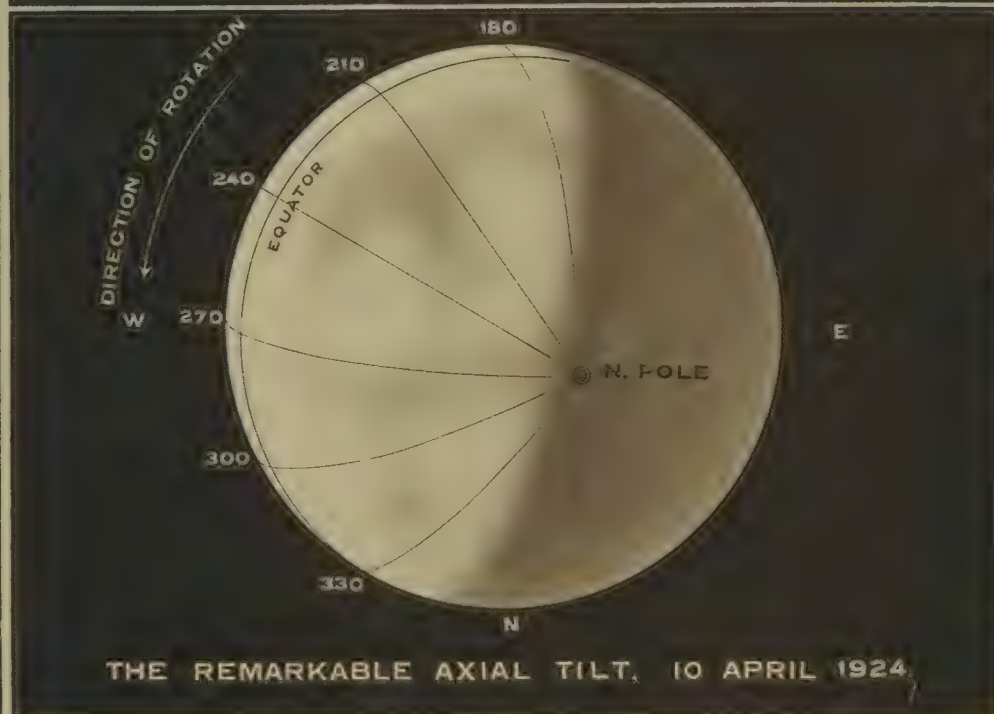
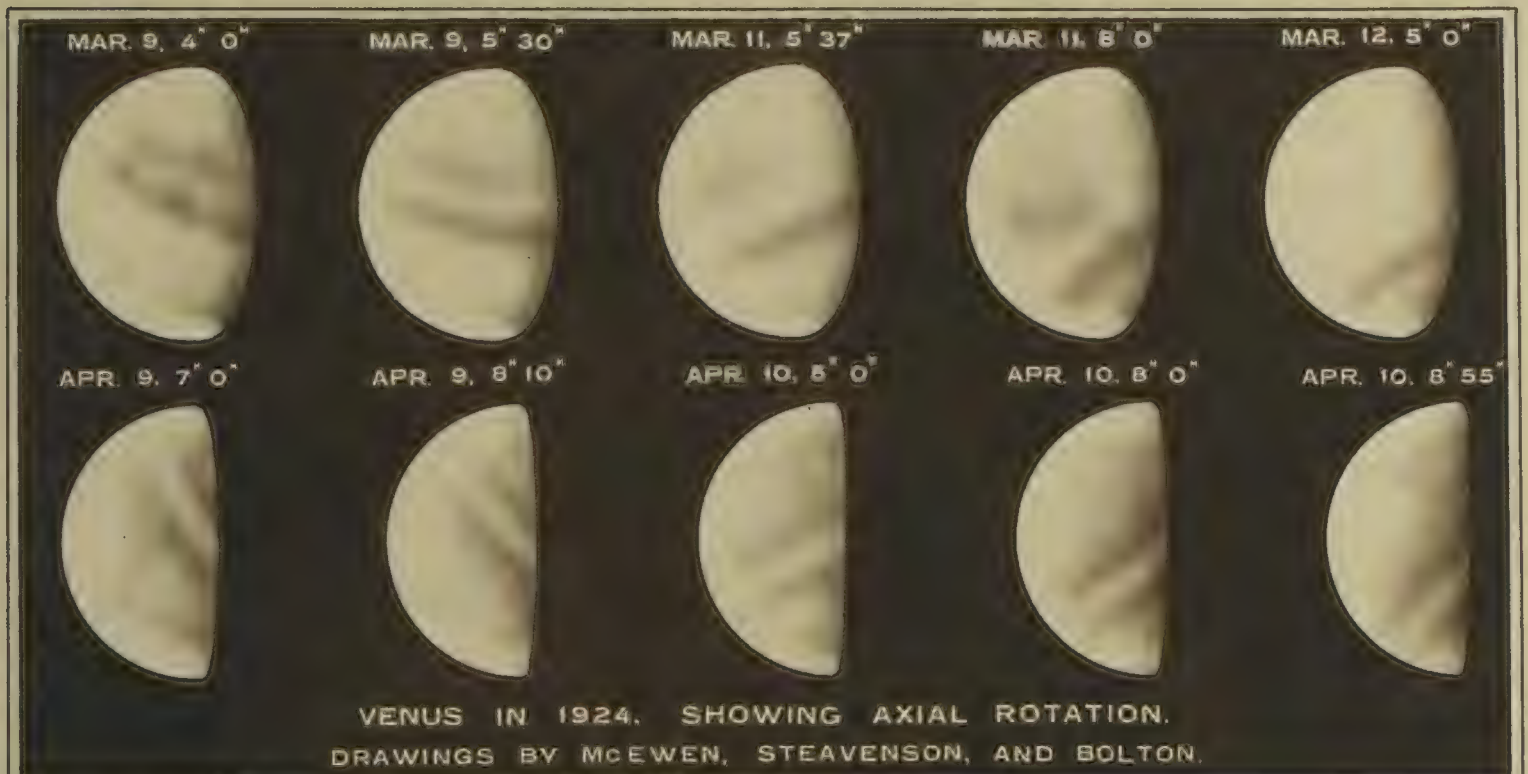
There is something in the beginning of every performance which indicates the right or wrong note that becomes dominating throughout. In this revival of "The Doctor's Dilemma" the first note which is struck defines the atmosphere. The very way in which the old housekeeper—Miss Edith Ise—addresses the newly knighted Colenso Ridgeon, as a mother a spoilt child, was right. There was feeling in it and gentle mockery. That defined the atmosphere of all that was to follow. All the actors caught the spirit of comedy with its allure of seriousness, a smile on lips, a laugh within. Mr. Felix Aylmer was admirable as the earnest physician who in incessant research has not forgotten that he is a man, for all his seriousness, and susceptible in heart as well as brain. Mr. George Merritt (Sir Patrick Cullen) was no less admirable as the old retired doctor who knows all there is to be known, who disintegrates new-fangled ideas, who proclaims in his sarcastic way there is "nothing new under the sun." Mr. D. A. Clarke-Smith (Bonnington) was the fashionable charlatan; Mr. H. Cullif the dogmatic one-cure fanatic, true to life and the purities of Harley Street. And in Mr. Charles Sewell's Schutzmacher we saw the utilitarian and the Hebrew crystallised in the smile of a well-earned retirement; as we saw in poor Dr. Blenkinsop, played with gentle pathos by Mr. Ernest Stidwell, the beast of burden, the labourer of science, sacrificing body and soul to minister to humanity at one-and-sixpence a turn. Some of these artists are well known; others are new



"MY SON JOHN," AT THE SHAFTESBURY THEATRE: MR. BILLY MERSON AS BENJAMIN LITTLEWOOD, THE SHOP DETECTIVE, MASQUERADING AS AN ALBANIAN PRINCE; AND MISS ANNIE CROFT AS SANDY FAYRE.—[Photograph by Stage Photo. Co.]

A VENUSIAN PROBLEM SOLVED: AXIAL ROTATION ESTABLISHED.

DRAWN BY SCRIVEN BOLTON, F.R.A.S., F.R.S.A., ETC. (COPYRIGHTED.)

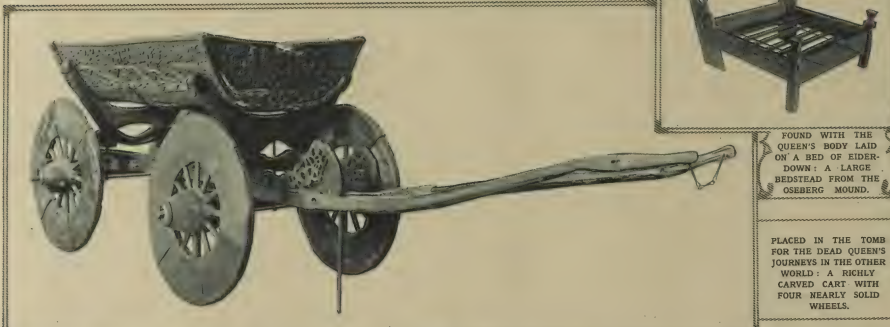


"ITS SURFACE IS ONE CONTINUOUS OCEAN": VENUS—VOLCANOES; AND A 25-MILES-HIGH CLOUD STRATUS.

Concerning his picture, Mr. Scriven Bolton notes: "The axial rotation of Venus, discovered by Professor W. H. Pickering, has been duly confirmed by two English astronomers, Mr. H. McEwen and Dr. W. H. Steavenson. The period lies somewhere between three and eight days. The results would appear to favour a three-day period, such as was found by Professor Pickering. (For the last thirty years many astronomers have held the opinion that the planet always presented the same hemisphere towards the sun.) The direction of rotation is the same as for the earth, but the axis, strange to say, is nearly horizontal, lying almost in the plane of the planet's orbit. In the above drawings the North Pole is turned straight towards the earth. The Poles are alternately directed towards the sun, and, while one is enjoying 112 days of sunlight, the

other is immersed in the planet's frozen night-side for a similar period. The straight surface-markings are attributed by Mr. McEwen to vast volcanoes ejecting smoke carried Equator-ward by atmospheric currents. Professor Pickering's theory about Venus is that its surface is one continuous ocean, such as would have been the case with the earth had not the moon carried away three-quarters of its surface. Venus is enshrouded in a dense cloud stratus at least twenty-five miles high, whereas on the earth the visible cloud layers do not usually exceed a depth of seven miles. One may conclude that such a veil will so shield the surface from the intense solar heat to which the planet is subjected as to render the planet a fit abode for intelligent beings, although during the long Venusian night temperatures may drop to 300 degrees below zero"

A VIKING FUNERAL: BURIAL ON REMARKABLE DISCOVERIES IN A NINTH CENTURY

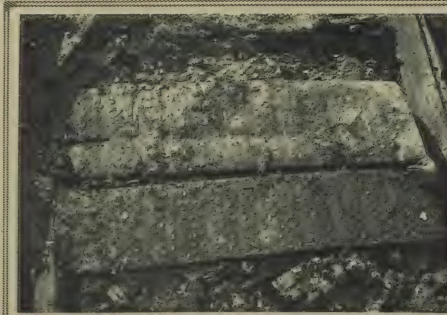


FOUND WITH THE QUEEN'S BODY LAID ON A BED OF EIDER-DOWN: A LARGE BEDSTEAD FROM THE OSEBERG MOUND.

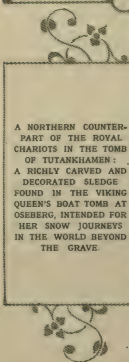
PLACED IN THE TOMB FOR THE DEAD QUEEN'S JOURNEYS IN THE OTHER WORLD: A RICHLY CARVED CART WITH FOUR NEARLY SOLID WHEELS.



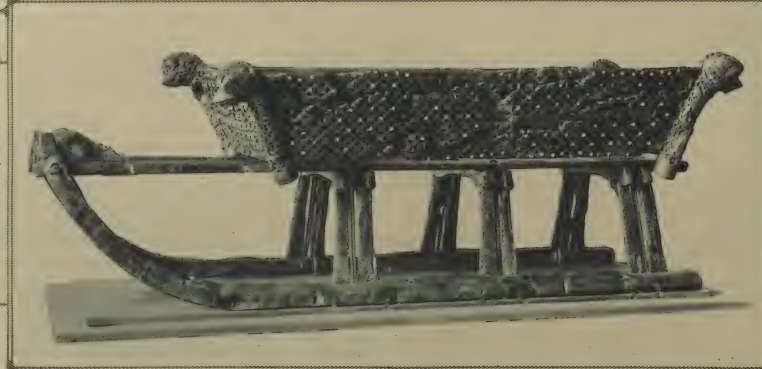
REMAINS OF A PRIMITIVE BARREL WITH KITCHEN UTENSILS AS FOUND INSIDE THE VIKING BOAT: PART OF THE DEAD QUEEN'S EQUIPMENT FOR THE AFTER LIFE.



FASTENED WITH IRON MOUNTINGS AND RIVETS: ONE OF THE MANY CHESTS FOR THE DEAD QUEEN'S STORES FOUND NEAR THE DEATH COUCH IN THE VIKING BOAT.



A NORTHERN COUNTER-PART OF THE ROYAL CHARIOTS IN THE TOMB OF TUTANKHAMEN: A RICHLY CARVED AND DECORATED SLEDGE FOUND IN THE VIKING QUEEN'S BOAT TOMB AT OSEBERG, INTENDED FOR HER SNOW JOURNEYS IN THE WORLD BEYOND THE GRAVE.



"The Oseberg find," says a German writer, "contains certainly some of the finest examples of Viking art and culture yet discovered, and in the chief city of Norway, Oslo (formerly Christiania), a special museum has been erected in order to house it. In 1903 a fisherman discovered on a mound on the west side of the Christiania Fjord a bit of old woodwork, and, probing further, he found that the mound hid a large ship with a royal corpse, fully equipped for its journey in the after life. Ship tombs are common in the North. Vessels of every description played an important part in the life of the inhabitants, and consequently it was part of their faith that the dead needed one for their journey into eternity. The Oseberg ship and its contents were very deeply sunk into the ground. The raising of them took half a year, and the work of reconstruction and disposal in the Museum is not quite finished even now. The ship is 22.44 metres (about 72 ft.) long and 5.80 metres (about 19 ft.) wide, and is a typical seaworthy Viking vessel which could either be rowed or sailed. It is made of oak; only the mast is of pine. The funeral chamber was erected slightly aft of amidships, and the posts which supported the roof are still standing. In the

"TUTANKHAMEN" LINES. NORSE QUEEN'S TUMULUS AT OSEBERG.

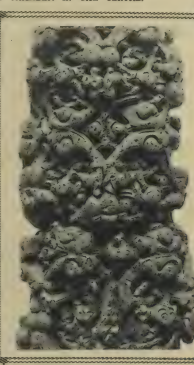
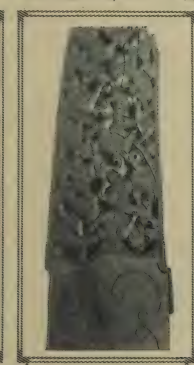


SOME DISTANCE INLAND FROM THE CHRISTIANIA FIORD: THE MOUND IN WHICH THE VIKING BOAT WAS DISCOVERED, AS IT WAS BEFORE EXCAVATION.



ONE OF THE FINEST EXAMPLES OF VIKING ART EVER DISCOVERED: THE BOAT AFTER EXCAVATION, WITH THE DEATH CHAMBER IN THE CENTRE.

RECALLING THE TERMINALS OF TUTANKHAMEN'S COUCHES: AN ANIMAL HEAD IN VIKING STYLE FROM THE CORNER OF A CHEST.



DRAWN ON A SPECIAL RAIL-TRACK TO AVOID DAMAGING THE PRECIOUS RELIC: THE VIKING BOAT PASSING THROUGH THE STREETS OF OSLO (FORMERLY CHRISTIANIA) ON ITS WAY TO THE MUSEUM.

OLD NORSE WOOD-CARVING: A DOOR-LINTEL OF THE FUNERAL CHAMBER.

ANOTHER FINE EXAMPLE OF OLD NORSE WOOD-CARVING: PART OF A WOODEN SWORD SHEATH FROM OSEBERG.

YET ANOTHER REMARKABLE SPECIMEN OF WOOD-CARVING: PART OF THE NECK OF AN ANIMAL FIGURE FOUND IN THE VIKING BOAT.

WE illustrate here, from photographs by the University of Oslo, a remarkable discovery of a Viking boat grave. That type of burial will be familiar to those who have seen the film "Beau Geste," or have read the original story. They will recall that, when the hero is slain in a desert African fort, his brother, to fulfil a boyhood promise, gives him the nearest approach to a Viking funeral possible in the conditions. Another parallel may be drawn between the Viking sepulchre, with all its funerary equipment, and the Tomb of Tutankhamen. The parallel is closer since the recent discovery of another chamber in that tomb, containing sacred boats.



BURIED WITH THE QUEEN TO PROVIDE HER WITH SUSTENANCE IN THE LIFE AFTER DEATH: THE COMPLETE SKELETON OF AN OX AS FOUND WITHIN THE BOAT.

death chamber, about 850 A.D., a queen and her slave were placed. She rests on a large bed of eiderdown feathers and material of various kinds. Near by stood many chests. One contained crab apples, acorns, and walnuts; another two iron lamps, a comb, scissors, a cup, and a small chair for a weaving board. Behind the death chamber was the kitchen, with kettle, roasting pan, a round mill-stone, ladle, hatchet, and stool. Near by, somewhat to the side, lay a whole ox. The most important contents were in the forepart of the ship. Besides, there was also discovered a richly carved cart with four nearly solid wooden wheels, as well as four sledges of fine workmanship; a flat box was carried on thin poles, and attached to the runners, besides which were fifteen horses and four dogs, and a complete stud for the harnessing of the sledges and carriages; also two large tents about 19 ft. long and 11 ft. high. Besides the cart and sledges, the woodwork of one of the chests is richly ornamented in a typical Viking manner. This is especially emphasised, at the four corners of the box, in the heads of animals, which stretch out their long necks." The finest of these is shown above.

BOOKS OF THE DAY.

time inside buildings, and is apt to turn a considering eye upon their structure and embellishment. Perhaps that is one reason for the great interest taken just now in all matters of home decoration, and in the history of the arts bearing thereon.

I have before me at present a handsome, sumptuously illustrated volume entitled "ENGLISH PLASTERWORK OF THE RENAISSANCE." By M. Jourdain (Batsford; 30s. net). It has over 250 illustrations, including 115 plates from special photographs, with numerous drawings and old designs. Miss Margaret Jourdain is a well-known authority on such matters, and among her other books is "Decoration and Furniture in England of the Early Renaissance and the late Eighteenth Century." Renaissance decoration in England, she tells us, falls into "the two great divisions of Early and Late Renaissance, 'the later being subdivided into the Wren period and the Palladian school, with its variant of Rococo; and finally, the classic revival of Robert Adam. It has seemed worth while to collect and classify a series of illustrations of plaster ceilings and their detail under this arrangement.' She has also rescued from oblivion, by delving among the old records, the names of over forty of the chief Renaissance plasterers.

It is not given to us all to possess a ceiling worth writing a book about. My own ceilings are of a severe simplicity, and my thoughts about them are mainly associated with arguments for and against the question of getting up. Indeed, I had no idea that ceilings could be so fascinating till I came to study Miss Jourdain's book and its beautiful photographs. But although the sort of ceiling she describes is only attainable, as a private possession, by the fortunate few, there is a public side to the subject which affects all dwellers in cities. "The present day," we read, "is witnessing a revival of plastic decoration. Schemes large and small are continually being carried out for the decoration of cinemas, multiple restaurants, concert halls, and theatres." I advise those who have the fashioning of our public ceilings to study carefully Miss Jourdain's book. It is a revelation from above.

The modern domestic plasterer, I suppose, does not aspire to literary immortality; no one, a century hence, will record his name in a work on neo-Georgian ceilings. But I find some account of him, as a type (Transatlantic variety), in a very delightful book of American origin, "FROM AN OLD HOUSE." By Joseph Hergesheimer. With illustrations from Photographs by Philip B. Wallace (Heinemann; 15s. net). The famous novelist gives us here a chapter of autobiography that is "domestic" in the strictest literal sense of that word (as the epithet of *domus*). He describes the rebuilding of his abode—the Dower House, "somewhere" in America, and dating from 1712—and its furnishing and decoration in accordance with his tastes as a connoisseur and collector. He describes it with the same zest and affection as Cicero describes his new villa, or Horace his Sabine farm.

Mr. Hergesheimer's book, however, is much more than the story of a house; he gives refreshing glimpses of his own personality, rich in humour, poking sly fun at himself as a writer, and at his surrenders to the wiles of architects to indulge in tempting extravagance; working in also happy character-sketches of other people. But to return to our ceilings. When the plasterers at last appeared at the Dower House, "they were not as communicative as the carpenters or masons; in overalls preserved spotlessly white by their trade, they maintained an aloofness in keeping with the elevation, the monopoly, of their calling."

From the vision of Mr. Hergesheimer in rapt contemplation of a new ceiling, I turn to another very interesting American self-portrait—"EXPLORING LIFE: THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF THOMAS A. WATSON." Illustrated. (Appleton, New York and London; 3.50 dollars). The author played Watson to the Sherlock Holmes of the late Alexander Graham Bell, who, by detecting hidden secrets of nature, invented the telephone. His favourite expression was: "Watson, we are on the verge of a great discovery"; and the first message transmitted by the first telephone was "Come here, Mr. Watson, I want you." Watson, hurrying downstairs from the bed-room that contained the receiver (there was no receiver at the transmitter end), found that his chief had upset the acid of a battery over his clothes, but he forgot the accident in his joy at the success of the experiment.

Bell's telephone was patented in 1876, and Mr. Watson records subsequent law suits. His own career was by

no means wholly telephonic. He resigned from the company in 1881, and after a period of shipbuilding and a trip to Alaska, his interest in the art of speech led him in 1910 to join Mr. Frank Benson's Shakespearean company in England. Later he ran a repertory company in his own dramatisations from Dickens. One night, at Waltham Cross, there were tragicomic happenings. "The guillotine collapsed just as Carton was going to have his head cut off. There was a mix-up in the costumes, so I had to play the mild Mr. Lorry in Bill Sikes's clothes. Most of us dried up in our lines. One of our girls went into hysterics."

The book ends on a note of pathos, with the news of Bell's death reaching Watson among the grand peaks of Colorado. His conclusion recalls that poignant lament of Sir Bedivere—

And I the last go forth companionless
Among new men, strange faces, other minds.

Pathos, again, emerges at the close of another fine American book—at once a biography and an autobiography, namely, "THE ROAD TO THE TEMPLE." By Susan Glaspell. Illustrated. (Ernest Benn; 15s. net). "The grave was so shallow; not the good rich earth he loved in Iowa, but earth so poor, and with ways so crude.



WITH ITS CARVED STERN TIMBERS, SUGGESTING A MEDIAEVAL CRAFT OF THE TYPE NOW POPULAR IN DECORATIVE MODELS: AN INDIAN SHIP BEACHED UNTIL THE RETURN OF THE TIDE, WITH COWS RESTING BELOW.

In a note on this photograph, headed "The Beach as Dry Dock," a German writer says: "Indian ships are so strongly built that they can remain on the beach at low tide and wait quietly for the tide to come up." The carving on the stern recalls the vessels of early explorers, as used in the days of the antique maps illustrated in this number, and the ship models now so popular for decorative purposes.—[Photograph by H. Woolner.]

When it seemed I could not bear it, could not keep silence, I saw there was not a face around me but was wet with tears. It was not alone in Delphi he had made himself felt. At the request of poets of Greece the Government decreed that one of the great fallen stones from the Temple of Apollo be moved from its place to be used as head-stone. Such a thing had never been done in Greece before. And in the stadium of Delphi, in memory of George Cram Cook, Greeks have revived the Pythian games. . . . Already he has become a legend on Parnassos."

Thus writes Susan Glaspell, now famous as a dramatist with "The Verge" and "Inheritors," in the last chapter of the story of her married life. Her husband—an American of the pioneer lands, schoolmaster, soldier, novelist, philosopher, and poet—had dreamed all his life of Greece and the Acropolis, and at length his dream was fulfilled: he ended his days as a shepherd among Greek shepherds. It is a book of rare charm and unique experiences, so varied that I cannot begin to summarise them here. One passage specially interests me as a classical student. I have often wondered as to the relation of modern to ancient Greek; and here is a comment, about Jig's "Liddell and Scott" (Jig was Mr. Cook's nickname) that lets in much light on the subject. "Was he to be taught Katharevousa, the pure Greek, descendant of the ancient language, or

was he to be taught

Themotike, the spoken language of the people? The 'cleaned' Greek is written in the newspapers and spoken in Parliament. But when the Member of Parliament who has called water *vēwōp* (*hudor*) walks across the street and wants water with his coffee, it is *narro* he demands."

Current American literature, again, provides me with another text—"STRAWS AND PRAYER-BOOKS" Dizain des Diversions. By James Branch Cabell (Lane; 7s. 6d. net). Here the author of "Jurgen" and "The Cream of the Jest" writes at large of many matters and many men, including his friend Mr. Joseph Hergesheimer. To him he devotes a chapter—"Diversions of the Anchorite"—which is extremely interesting read in conjunction with the book mentioned above. Mr. Cabell lays great stress on the fourteen years during which Mr. Hergesheimer bombarded editors with manuscripts in vain, and deduces that a writer writes mainly to divert himself. Those who read Mr. Hergesheimer's own account of the matter, along with Mr. Cabell's interpretation, will come near to understanding the psychology of a novelist.

After perusing "From An Old House," I can well understand why, as Mr. Cabell says, "The works of Joseph Hergesheimer contain whole warehousefuls of the most carefully finished furniture in print; and at *bric-à-brac* he has no English equal. Here is a guide who exhibits not merely the halls and presence-chambers of the building wherethrough he shepherds the public, but forces you to observe the chairs and panellings and wall-papers and window-curtains also, with an abnormal scrutiny." Mr. Cabell also reminds me of Greece and Susan Glaspell's book when he compares Linda Condon (a Hergesheimer heroine) with Helen of Troy as portrayed by Euripides. His own title puzzled me at first until I read the quotation from which it is drawn—

Behold the child, by Nature's kindly law,
Pleas'd with a rattle, tickled with a
straw. . . .
Scarfs, garters, gold, amuse his ripper stage,
And beads and prayer-books are the toys
of age.

These lines from Pope's "Essay on Man" explain the not immediately obvious connection between prayer-books and straws.

Prayer-books are more readily associated with "THE PSALMS OF DAVID." Coverdale's Version. Edited by George Rylands. With thirty-two Drawings by Frideswith Huddart (Baroness de Lynden), (Faber and Gwyer; 21s. net). I welcome this notable effort to popularise the Bible as literature. The numerous symbolic drawings, if they fall short of the sublime, are at any rate bold in conception and striking in execution. They suggest a blend of Blake and Aubrey Beardsley. This brings me to a monumental work with which I hope to deal more faithfully in the future—"THE ENGRAVED DESIGNS OF WILLIAM BLAKE." By Laurence Binyon. With twenty Plates in Colour and sixty-two in Collotype (Ernest Benn; £6 6s. net. Edition de Luxe, £12 12s. net). Along with this book should be studied "WILLIAM BLAKE." By Osbert Burdett (Macmillan; 5s. net), a new and excellent volume in English Men of Letters.

While dealing with American fiction I had also hoped to discuss a new novel by that popular and prolific writer, Mr. Joseph C. Lincoln, "THE BIG MOGUL" (Appleton; 7s. 6d. net), but I have not yet had time to tackle it. I have dipped into it enough, however, to perceive that it draws a very interesting picture of provincial life and character in a past generation.

I will close my tale of books by mentioning briefly two seductive reprints of famous satirical poems, chiefly remarkable for daring illustrations. One is "DON JUAN." By Lord Byron. With ninety-three black-and-white Drawings and Decorations by John Austen (Lane; 21s. net). The other is "WOMAN: A SATIRE." From the Latin of Juvenal. With an Introduction by F. A. Wright, M.A., and eight Collotype Illustrations by R. B. Brook-Greaves (The Casanova Society; 31s. 6d. net). Although "The Isles of Greece," oft included in school anthologies, occurs in "Don Juan," that work as a whole, of course, is seldom recommended for class reading. Still less is the sixth Satire of Juvenal administered as milk for babes, though its author was a better moralist than Byron.

C. E. B.

RULER IN CHINA BEFORE THE REPUBLIC: THE YOUNG EMPEROR.



SINCE EXPELLED FROM THE FORBIDDEN CITY BY THE "CHRISTIAN GENERAL" FENG YU-HSIANG: THE EX-EMPEROR (SECOND FROM THE LEFT) IN PEKING; WITH HIS EXCELLENCY CHENG HSIAO-HSU, GENERAL YANG, AND MR. R. F. JOHNSTON.



NOW IN EXILE WITH HER HUSBAND: THE YOUNG MANCHU EMPRESS (CENTRE); WITH MANCHU PRINCESSES AND CHILDREN OF THE IMPERIAL FAMILY, INCLUDING A BROTHER OF THE EX-EMPEROR.

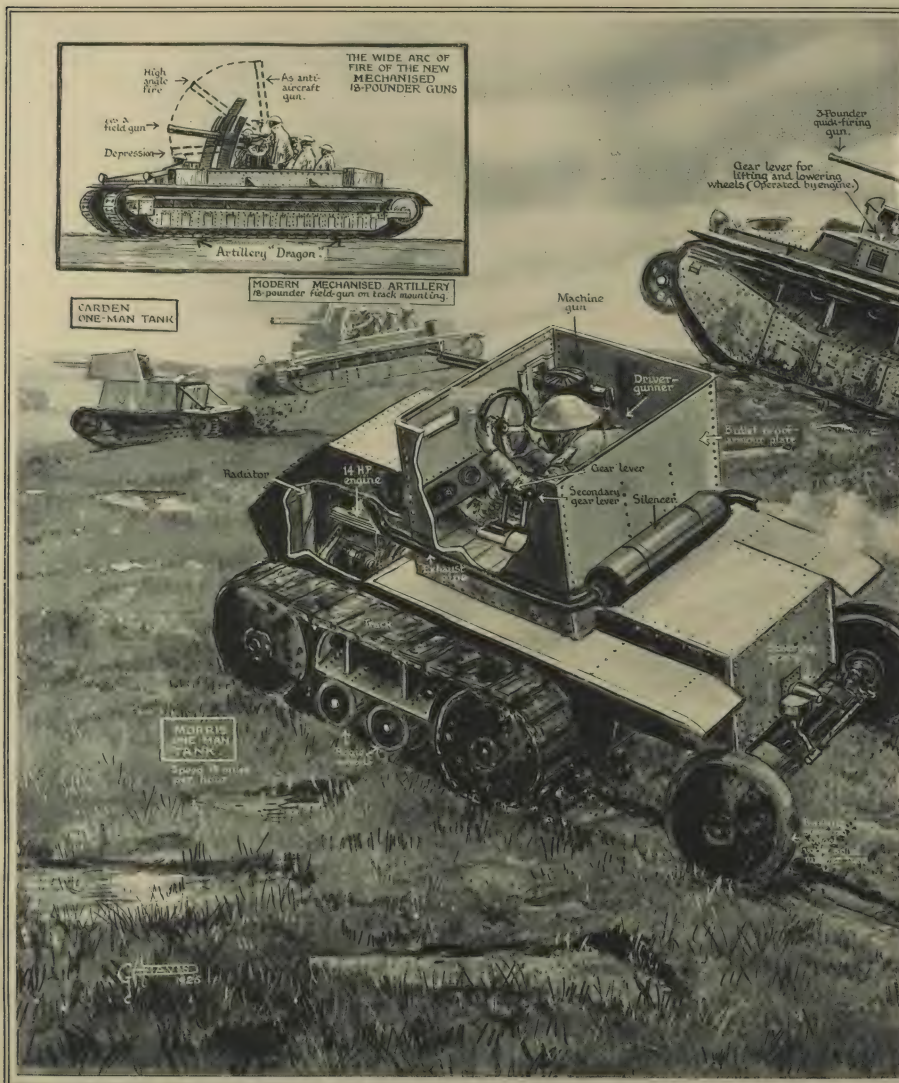
In view of the chaotic conditions in China, these two groups are of particular interest. It will be recalled that the young Emperor, who was born in 1906, succeeded his uncle as an infant of two, under the name of Hsuan Tung. He abdicated when China became a Republic, in 1912, but he retained the Imperial title, and lived in the Palace of the Forbidden City at Peking. In October 1922, he was betrothed to the daughter of Jung Yuan, a Manchu noble, and the wedding took place on December 1 of the same year. In November, 1924, the ex-Emperor was expelled from the Forbidden City by the "Christian

General." For some days he lived in his father's mansion, as a state prisoner. From there, Mr. Johnston contrived to take him to the Legation Quarter, where he sought safety in the Japanese Legation. In the spring of last year, he went secretly to Tientsin, and there took up his residence in the Japanese Concession. As to those in the first photograph, it may be noted that his Excellency Cheng Hsiao-hsu is one of the most famous poets and calligraphists of the present day in China. The small boy standing in front of the ex-Empress is a brother of the ex-Emperor.

MECHANICAL "CAVALRY" AND MOBILE ARTILLERY: MODERN BRITISH WHEEL-CUM-TRACK TANKS, FAST OVER ANY GROUND.

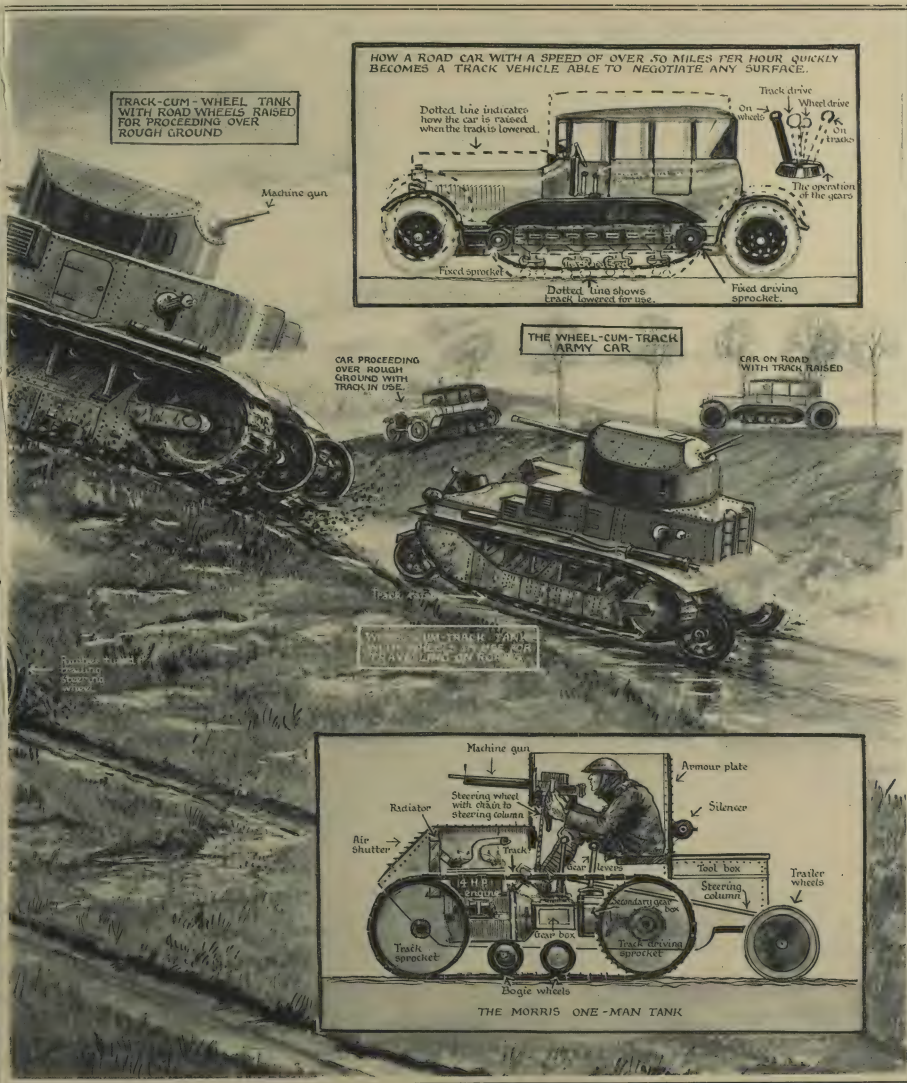
DRAWN BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST

G. H. DAVIS. (COPYRIGHTED.)



MECHANISED WARFARE OF THE FUTURE: THE BRITISH ARMY'S FAST AND POWERFUL TANKS.

The latest developments in Tanks, which a few weeks ago (as illustrated in our issue of November 20) were shown to the Dominion Premiers, have proved that in this type of warfare we are still pre-eminent. The new "hush-hush" heavy tank, with its turrets mounting a three-pounder quickfiring and numerous machine guns, created a great sensation as it rushed at high speed over the muddy ground. By permission of the War Office we are able to illustrate some types of the one-man tank, the new wheel-cum-track tank and the wheel-cum-track Army car, and also to show the latest development in mechanised field artillery. The one-man tank is still more or less in the experimental stage, but eventually we shall have in these little tanks squadrons of machines that will replace the cavalry of to-day. The artillery "dragon," with its eighteen-pounder field gun, gives some idea of what the artillery of to-morrow will look like: with a



FIELD ARTILLERY, AND CARS, WITH WHEELS FOR ROADS AND TRACKS FOR ROUGH GROUND.

speed of fifteen to twenty miles an hour they will give a new meaning to the phrase, "Forward the guns." No longer will straining teams of horses drag the clumsy wheeled limbers and guns through the mud, but the "track" will rush gun and crew over or through obstacles impossible to be negotiated by horse-drawn guns. The operation of the guns of the track-cum-wheel tank is naturally of a confidential nature, but we may say that, by the simple movement of a gear lever, the wheels are lowered and the tank, or rather its tracks, lifted off the ground. The wheel-cum-track Army car is just as simple to operate. The Morris tank is driven by a 14-h.p. petrol motor. All these track vehicles have considerable speed over the worst surface, and their development is being encouraged by the War Office. We have other types of military "track-propelled vehicles," including "dragons" and tanks carrying bridging equipment.

PERSONALITIES OF THE WEEK: PEOPLE IN THE PUBLIC EYE.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY RUSSELL, BARRATT, PHOTOPRESS, TOPICAL, UNDERWOOD, SPORT AND GENERAL, GLOBOPHOT, CENTRAL PRESS, C.N., AND BASSANO.



FIRST R.C. ARCHBISHOP OF BIRMINGHAM: THE LATE DR. - EDWARD ILSLEY.



ELECTED AT CHELMSFORD: LT.-COL. C. K. HOWARD-BURY, M.P. (CON.)



THE NEW BRITISH MINISTER IN CHINA ACTIVE AT HANKOW: MR. MILES LAMPSON.



THE AGA KHAN'S BEREAVEMENT: HIS LATE WIFE, THE PRINCESS THÉRÈSE



AMERICAN BIG-GAME HUNTER, PHOTOGRAPHER AND SCULPTOR: THE LATE MR. CARL AKELEY.



GERMANY'S NEW SILVER COINAGE: THE PRIZE-WINNING DESIGNS FOR PIECES OF VARIOUS VALUES IN MARKS, AS INDICATED UPON THEM.



ENGRAVED WITH THE ARMS OF GERMAN PROVINCES: ACCEPTED DESIGNS FOR NEW GERMAN SILVER FIVE-MARK PIECES. (OBSERVE AND REVERSE.)



MEN WHO SPENT TWENTY-FOUR HOURS ON RAFTS AFTER THEIR SHIP FOUNDERED IN A STORM: "VALERIAN" SURVIVORS AT EUSTON.



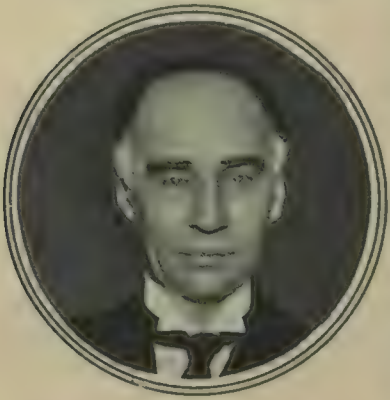
EX-UNDER-SECRETARY TO THE HOME DEPARTMENT: THE LATE SIR ELLIS GRIFFITH, K.C., P.C., BT.



AN ULSTER COMMEMORATION CEREMONY: THE DUKE OF ABERCORN, GOVERNOR OF NORTHERN IRELAND, UNVEILING THE WAR MEMORIAL AT ARMAGH.



A NEW METROPOLITAN POLICE MAGISTRATE: MR. RONALD ARTHUR POWELL.



THE NEW CHAIRMAN OF THE LONDON COUNTY COUNCIL: MR. J. M. GATTI.



THE FIRST BISHOP OF BLACKBURN: THE RT. REV. P. M. HERBERT, D.D.

Dr. Ilsley became Roman Catholic Bishop of Birmingham in 1889. In 1911 the see was made an Archbishopric. He retired in 1921.—Col. Howard-Bury headed the poll in the bye-election at Chelmsford with a majority of 4960.—Mr. Miles Lampson, whose arrival at Hankow had a good effect, said recently that talk of British Imperialism in China was "all moonshine."—The Aga Khan's wife, Princess Thérèse, who died in Paris after an operation, was an Italian, and became a Moslem on her marriage in 1908. She was a noted sculptor, exhibiting at the Academy and in many exhibitions abroad.—Mr. Carl Akeley died in Uganda during a tour to obtain specimens for the American Museum of Natural History. He was a big-game hunter, naturalist, sculptor, and photographer.—The survivors

of H.M.S. "Valerian," which foundered in the Bermuda hurricane, arrived in London on December 4. Photographs of their rescue from rafts, by boats of H.M.S. "Capetown," appeared in our last issue.—Sir Ellis Griffith was Parliamentary Under-Secretary to the Home Office from 1912 to 1915. He had previously been Recorder of Birkenhead.—Mr. J. M. Gatti is senior partner of Messrs. A. and S. Gatti, proprietors of the Adelphi and Vaudeville Theatres.—Mr. R. A. Powell was called to the Bar in 1914 and went on the Oxford Circuit.—Dr. Percy Herbert, who is a grandson of the second Earl of Powis, has for five years been Bishop-Suffragan of Kingston-on-Thames, and Archdeacon and Canon of Southwark. Previously he was Vicar of St. George's, Camberwell.

THE ART OF E. J. DETMOLD: A GEM OF NATURE FANCY.

FROM THE WATER-COLOUR BY E. J. DETMOLD. (ARTIST'S COPYRIGHT RESERVED).



FUR AND FEATHER: AN ILLUSTRATED INTERVIEW.

The delicate art of Mr. E. J. Detmold is not unfamiliar to our readers, for examples of his work have often been reproduced in our pages, as well as in those of the "Sketch." Here we give another typical water-colour, which shows his delicacy of design and beauty of colouring in the treatment of animals and birds. Subjects of this kind figure largely in the new exhibition of his recent work, including paintings, drawings, aquatints, and etchings, lately opened at the Sloane Galleries, 188, Brompton Road. This exhibition, it may be noted, inaugurated a recent extension of those galleries. In his studies of living creatures, Mr. Detmold often succeeds to a remarkable extent in combining fidelity to nature with decorative effect, as shown in the attitude of the field-mouse. Whether the bird with its rainbow hues is equally realistic, or a creature of fantasy, it is difficult to say, but the artist is particularly fond of depicting gay-plumaged denizens of the tropical forests,

THE VOGUE OF ANTIQUE MAPS IN HOUSE DECORATION: AN ÆSTHETIC REVIVAL OF OLD-TIME GEOGRAPHY.

REPRODUCED FROM "OLD DECORATIVE MAPS AND CHARTS." BY ARTHUR L. HUMPHREYS, F.S.A., F.R.G.S. BY COURTESY OF THE LONDON PUBLISHERS, MESSRS. HALTON AND TRUSCOTT SMITH, LTD. (SEE REVIEW ON A LATER PAGE IN THIS NUMBER.)

THE
'DELICATE
DUCY"
IN THE REIGN
OF QUEEN BESS:
A DECORATIVE
MAP OF
CORNWALL
MADE IN 1576
(FROM SAXTON'S
ATLAS OF THE
COUNTIES OF
ENGLAND, 1574-6)



FROM
AN EDITION
OF PTOLEMY'S
"GEOGRAPHIA,"
PUBLISHED
AT COLOGNE
IN 1584:
SARDINIA AND
SICILY, BY
MERCATOR—
SHOWING
PART OF
CORSICA
AND MALTA
(RIGHT LOWER
CORNER).

WITH A
PICTORIAL
PLAN OF
CUZCO, THE
INCA CAPITAL
IN PERU:
SOUTH
AMERICA, FROM
MERCATOR'S
ATLAS
(AMSTERDAM,
1633)—
A NOTABLE
ADVANCE ON
THE 1570 MAP
BY ORTELIUS.



"A NEW
DESCRIPTION
OF AMERICA,
OR THE
NEW WORLD"
IN THE
SIXTEENTH
CENTURY:
AN
INTERESTING
OLD MAP
FROM
ORTELIUS'S
"THEATRUM
ORBIS
TERRARUM,"
1570.





London, Scotland 11th June 1926 by John Dewar & Sons Ltd. Dewar House, S.W.1, the Proprietors of the Copyright

Illustrated by James L. Jones

“THE NIGHTCAP.”

Whatever the day may hold of hopes and fears, there is
always a kindly prologue to night-time's sweet forgetfulness.
Most men know how worthy a part is played in that by —

DEWAR'S

IN RUSSIA AND AMERICA: MOSCOW MOURNS KRASSIN; A SMOKE SCREEN.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY PHOTOPRESS AND TOPICAL.



ON THE WAY TO
THE KREMLIN,
IN THE WALL
OF WHICH IT WAS
PLACED:
THE URN CON-
TAINING THE
ASHES OF THE
LATE LEONID
BORISOV KRASSIN
BORNE IN
PROCESSION IN
MOSCOW.



THROWING UP
A HUGE
SMOKE-SCREEN:
A DOUBLE LINE
OF U.S.
DESTROYERS,
AS SEEN FROM
AN AEROPLANE
DURING A MIMIC
AIR-ATTACK
OFF CALIFORNIA.

The ashes of the late M. Leonid Borisov Krassin, Soviet Chargé d'Affaires in this country, were placed in the Kremlin at Moscow on December 1, with considerable ceremonial. The urn arrived in the city at about one o'clock. A catafalque draped in red had been set up on the station platform. To this the representatives of various organisations brought wreaths. One was laid there also by Count Brockdorff-Rantzau, the German Ambassador and *doyen* of the Diplomatic Corps, in the name of the foreign diplomats; while another was placed by the French Ambassador. The urn, borne in turn by members of the Government and the Communist International, was taken to Krasnaya Ploshchad accompanied by two

bands and a lengthy procession. While the bier was resting at Lenin's mausoleum, speeches were delivered. Then the urn was placed in an opening of the Kremlin wall, opposite the tomb of Frunze. Artillery salutes followed; and masons bricked up the space. As a final tribute, various organisations marched past, dipping their flags.—The striking air photograph of a smoke-screen was taken from an aeroplane during the manoeuvres of the United States Navy and Air Force off the coast of southern California. It shows a double line of destroyers on the sea below sending up a huge smoke-screen to conceal the ships from their aerial foes.

THE AGE OF FLIGHT: AVIATION SCENES IN THREE CONTINENTS.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY UNDERWOOD, C.N., AND TOPICAL.



SIR ALAN COBHAM'S ARRIVAL IN NEW YORK: HIS DE HAVILLAND "MOTH" SEAPLANE, UNABLE TO RISE FROM THE WATER OWING TO GROUND SWELL, BEING TOWED ACROSS THE HARBOUR.



THE VICEROY OF INDIA ON THE NORTH-WEST FRONTIER, OVER WHICH HE FLEW IN A BRISTOL FIGHTER: LORD IRWIN (FOURTH FROM LEFT) INSPECTING AEROPLANES AT THE R.A.F. STATION, PESHAWAR.



A NEW ITALIAN PARACHUTE DEMONSTRATED AT EDWARE: THE BACK VIEW, AS WORN BY LIEUT. P. FRERI, WHO DESCENDED BY IT FROM AN AEROPLANE.



AFTER LEAPING FROM AN AEROPLANE AT 1000 FT.: LIEUT. FRERI DESCENDING AT EDWARE IN THE NEW "SALVATORE" PARACHUTE, ADOPTED BY ITALY.

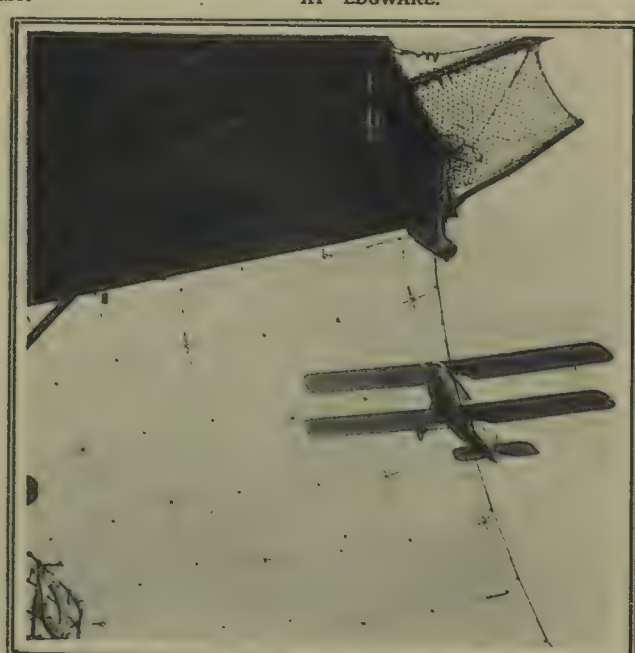


WEARING THE "SALVATORE" PARACHUTE, THAT LEAVES THE ARMS FREE: LIEUT. P. FRERI, THE ITALIAN AIRMAN, AT EDWARE.



WITH FOUR AEROPLANES ON HER LANDING DECK: THE UNITED STATES AIRCRAFT-CARRIER "LANGLEY," ON WHICH 2500 LANDINGS HAVE BEEN MADE, AT SEA NEAR SAN DIEGO.

Sir Alan and Lady Cobham arrived off New York in the "Homer," with his little De Havilland "Moth" seaplane on board, on November 25, intending to fly from the quarantine station to the Battery. The seaplane was lowered on to the water, but could not rise owing to rough weather and a heavy swell, so it had to be towed.—During his recent tour of the North-West Frontier, Lord Irwin, the new Viceroy of India, made a flight over that region in a Bristol fighter. He has since been visiting Waziristan, the Sutlej, Bahawalpur, and Cawnpore.—At the Stag Lane Aerodrome, Edware, on December 4, Lieut. P. Freri, of the Italian Air Service, made a successful demonstration descent from a biplane, flying at 1000 ft., in the new "Salvatore" parachute adopted by the Italian Service.



SHOWING THE WIRE SCREEN TO PROTECT THE LOWER DECK: AN AEROPLANE LANDING ON THE "LANGLEY."

The parachute weighs only 14 lb., and is carried in a neat container on the airman's back. Its belt attachment leaves the arms and legs free.—A note on the two lower photographs says: "Since 1924 Naval aviators have landed on the deck of the U.S. aeroplane-carrier 'Langley' roughly 2500 times without a serious major accident. During the last twelve months 1700 of these landings have been made—at sea in tactical manœuvres with the Fleet, or in the training of pilots, who were rarely deterred by rain or fog. In the second photograph, note the shielding wire screen to prevent the plane from landing on the lower deck. On the landing gear of the plane is seen part of the secret apparatus used to permit planes to come to a full stop within the length of the deck."

BY THE GREATEST SERBIAN SCULPTOR: A MEŠTROVIĆ TOMB.



THE MAUSOLEUM OF A GREAT SLAV FAMILY, SHOWING VERY CHARACTERISTIC WORK BY THE SCULPTOR—
AND (BELOW) MEŠTROVIĆ'S NEW "BISHOP STROSSMAYER," IN ZAGREB.

What has been called Meštrović's masterpiece, his statue of the famous Croatian Bishop Josef J. Strossmayer, was unveiled recently with all due ceremony, at Zagreb, on a site, at the back of the Academy of Sciences, chosen by the sculptor himself. No better selection could have been made, for the Academy of Sciences is one of the group of beautiful buildings endowed by Strossmayer, and contains, amongst other things, his collection of paintings. As to the sculptor, we need hardly remind our readers that the work of Ivan Meštrović was first introduced to this country in 1915, when there was a show of his sculptures at the Victoria and Albert Museum. In 1924 there was another exhibition, this time at the Fine Art Society's galleries, and it was then that a "Times" critic wrote that the works shown gave the impression that "there are in Meštrović two kinds of sculptor: the wood and stone carver in a folk-art tradition, and the product of art schools in a more or less classical tradition, and that the two are as yet imperfectly reconciled. The effect, indeed,



though Meštrović is a Slav, is that which is generally presented—in both sculpture and architecture—when Gothic feeling for character and expression is subjected to classical discipline. The discipline does not quite fit the impulse." Meštrović, who was born in 1883, is the son of a peasant worker in stone, and was apprenticed to a master mason. He afterwards studied in Vienna. Our correspondent writes of him: "Meštrović is not only an artist, but is a poet, a philosopher, and a thinker. He has thought deeply over the social and religious problems of his country. When the artistic sense began to awaken in the boy Meštrović's nature, he sculptured on the hearth of his peasant home his first conception of the greatest of all Croats, Strossmayer." The memorial shown in our larger picture is on a rugged cliff near Ragusa, overlooking the Adriatic, and is the mausoleum of a great Slav family. Meštrović designed and carried out the whole of it, and it may be regarded as a peculiarly characteristic work.

THE CAMERA AS RECORDER: NEWS BY PHOTOGRAPHY.

PHOTOGRAPHS BY C.N., P. AND A.; AND BY COURTESY OF "MODERN TRANSPORT" (THE ENGINE).



PEACEFULLY HANDED OVER TO THE CANTONESE FORCES ON DECEMBER 2, AFTER THE "NAVY" AND CERTAIN LOCAL TROOPS HAD JOINED THE SOUTHERNERS: FOOCHOW.



WITH THE DETAILS OF HIS CRIME TOLD ON HIS WHITE JACKET AND ON THE PANEL BEHIND HIM: A ROBBER IN THE EXECUTION TUMBRIL IN A STREET IN PEKING.



NOW BEING TESTED UNDER SERVICE CONDITIONS: THE FIRST LJUNGSTRÖM TURBO-CONDENSING LOCOMOTIVE FOR USE ON A BRITISH RAILWAY.



MOTOR-CYCLING OVER A CLIFF TO TEST A PARACHUTE: THE END OF THE MOTOR-CYCLE PARACHUTE TEST: THE CYCLE ABLAZE ON THE BEACH AFTER THE PARACHUTE FRED OSBORNE—THE PARACHUTE UNOPENED ON HIS BACK. HAD FAILED TO OPEN PROPERLY; AND OSBORNE RECEIVING FIRST AID.

It was reported from Foochow on December 2 that the Southern (Cantonese) forces were expected to occupy the city on the morrow, the "Navy" having gone over to them, with certain of the local troops. As a matter of fact, the city was peacefully handed over at ten o'clock the same night, but up to the 6th the Cantonese had not made their entry. The Kuomintang flag had, however, been hoisted, and certain of the Kuomintang adherents had been appointed to replace General Sun Chuan-fang's officials.—The first Ljungström turbo-condensing locomotive for use on a British railway was built by Messrs. Beyer, Peacock and Co., of Manchester, and is now being tested under service conditions in the haulage

of passenger-trains between Derby and Bakewell on the London Midland and Scottish Railway. The original engine of the type was built in Sweden in 1921. The leading vehicle carries the boiler; the rear vehicle, the turbine and condenser.—With a parachute attached to his back, Fred Osborne, pilot and "stunt" aviator, rode a motor-cycle over the edge of a cliff at Huntington, north of Santa Monica, California, in order to test the parachute in question, which was designed for the use of airmen. The apparatus did not work properly, with the result that the motor-cycle crashed on to the beach, after fouling telephone and telegraph wires, and Osborne was badly injured.

HUMOURS OF THE "ZOO": STUDIES OF ANIMAL LIFE.—No. XXXVI.

DRAWN SPECIALLY FOR "THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS" BY J. A. SHEPHERD. (COPYRIGHTED.)

The game begins, and, the Bittern's attention being divided, one Spoonbill gets safely past him.



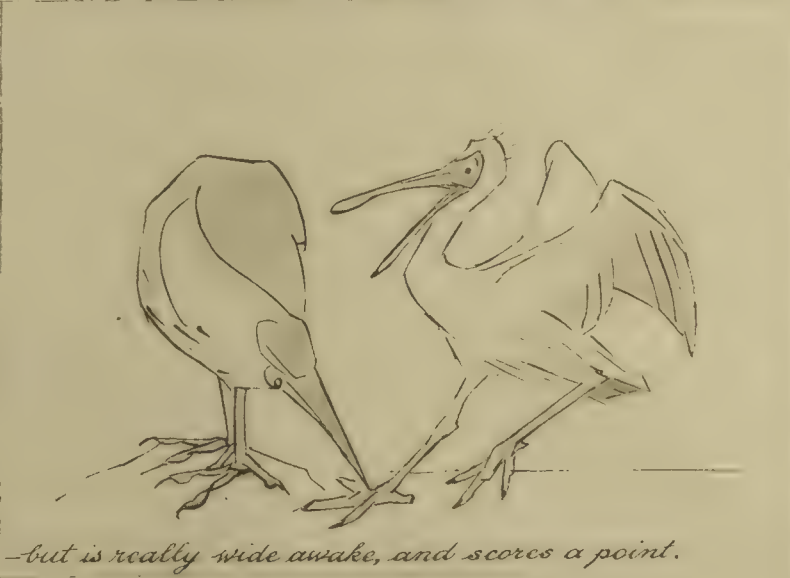
The second one funks it—



—and waits for the Bittern to go to sleep.



The Bittern feigns slumber—



—but is really wide awake, and scores a point.

Thereupon ensues a ten minutes interval.



WINTER SPORTS IN THE DIVING BIRDS' HOUSE: A POINT-TO-POINT.

We again take our sketches from the Diving Birds' House, the actors in the above trifle being the Lesser Spoonbills, and the Tiger Bittern from Brazil. To while away the tedium of the winter months, the Spoonbills—clowns of the Aviary—have devised a game; that is, to skip from rock to rock without being pecked by the Bittern. The Bittern stands facing, and some two feet from, the front of the Aviary—he claimed that pitch some

two years back, and no bird has dared to rush that claim. It is a hazardous sport, as the Bittern's beak is as sharp as a needle. The route laid down lies between the Bittern and the front of the cage—only two feet space in the narrows, where the Bittern stands. In most of the trials all goes well; but there are times when the Bittern gets a little of his own back. After which there is a ten minutes' interval before the game is resumed.

THE WORLD OF WOMEN.

THE Duke and Duchess of York will have a long and, it is to be hoped, restful sea voyage before they begin their travels in New Zealand and in Australia, that land of great distances, in each of which countries very full programmes have been arranged for them. The chief New Zealand towns, which lie far apart from each other, are all preparing great welcomes for their royal guests, and the people naturally wish the Duke and Duchess also to see their famous and more remote beauty spots, and the thermal districts, which combine eeriness with beauty of lakes and mountains. It will be a very delightful trip, but certainly a tiring one, though everything will be done to make it comfortable. Lady Doris Vyner—who was, with her husband, to have accompanied the Duchess on the

Renown—is not in the best of health, and, though the voyage might have done wonders for her, she is probably wise in her decision not to risk the fatigue of the land journeys.

Her place is to be taken by the Hon. Mrs. John Gilmour, the youngest of the five notably beautiful daughters of the Hon. Lady Meux and the late Viscount Chelsea. Mrs. Gilmour's husband, who is a nephew of Lord Beauchamp, is the only son of General Sir Robert and Lady Susan Gordon-Gilmour. Lord Beauchamp was at one time Governor of New South Wales, so Sydney society will have a special welcome for Mrs. Gilmour. One of his sisters, now Lady Mary Trefusis, accompanied the King and Queen when, as Duke and Duchess of York, they visited Australia and New Zealand. They were unfortunate in their experience of New Zealand's lovely climate. Instead of seeing the country in the radiant sunshine which is its characteristic, they had rain nearly all the time, till the people were in despair. That was so rare that it is not likely to happen again.

Mrs. Amery, wife of the Colonial Secretary, has cancelled all her engagements till the end of the year, and will probably take things quietly for a month after that. The operation she had to undergo last week was not of a serious character, and she did very well after it, but she had previously had an attack of influenza and laryngitis, and she requires a rest after the rush of engagements and entertainments connected with the Imperial Conference. Mrs. Amery did a great deal for the social side of the Conference, and was eager to make sure that the wives of the delegates should enjoy their stay in London. She attended all the official entertainments to which they were invited and many of the unofficial parties, and gave a good many luncheons and dinners for Colonial visitors, in

addition to her Wednesday afternoon receptions, which were always crowded. Both Mr. and Mrs. Amery have intimate ties with other parts of the Empire, and are specially interested in meeting people from overseas. Mr. Amery was born in India, where his father at that time held a post in the Indian Forest Department; and Mrs. Amery, who is a sister of Sir Hamar Greenwood, is a Canadian.

It is rather amusing to find that the recent success of Miss Margaret Kennedy and Miss Cathleen Nesbitt as after-dinner speakers has raised a discussion as to whether women do as well on these occasions as men. There is good ground for saying that on the whole they do much better. It is quite true that women, speaking on subjects which they regard as important, are apt to be afflicted with a heavier sense of responsibility, and to take themselves more seriously than men would do; but they have a great social ease and more self-possession, and can be frivolous much more gracefully than men. The average man making an after-luncheon or after-dinner speech strives with desperate clumsiness to achieve the light touch that comes naturally to most women. He is often content with a very small and unprepared achievement, while the woman carefully conceals the premeditation that has produced her happy impromptus. Perhaps men are more successful at purely masculine gatherings than in mixed company, for they know that pretty well anything will make men laugh.

No two Christmases could well be more dissimilar than those that Lord and Lady Linlithgow are going to spend. He has gone out to India, where she will join him at the beginning of the year,

but before leaving she will be with her small family in Scotland for Christmas, at Hopetoun House, South Queensferry. This is a handsome seventeenth-century house which was renovated by Adam. It overlooks the whole sweep of the Firth of Forth, and the grounds are famous for their magnificent trees. Members of the Royal Family have often been guests at Hopetoun



TO JOIN HER HUSBAND IN INDIA AFTER CHRISTMAS: THE MARCHIONESS OF LINLITHGOW.

House, where there is, indeed, one entrance to the grounds that is never used except by royalty. Lady Linlithgow is the daughter of Sir Frederick Milner, who has for years devoted himself so earnestly to the interests of disabled soldiers, especially those who have suffered from shell shock. Lord and Lady Linlithgow have five children, the eldest of whom are the heir, Lord Hopetoun, and his twin brother.

In the past women as a sex have been said to lack that *esprit de corps* which has always distinguished men, but the latest charitable venture to be launched suggests that at last we have learnt to feel *camaraderie* and loyalty to our own sex, for many important society women are taking a personal interest in Mrs. Cecil Chesterton's scheme to start Women's Public Lodging Houses on the lines of the Rowton Houses for men. The scheme originated as a result of Mrs. Chesterton's personal adventure, described in her book, "In Darkest London." She lived for ten days as a vagrant in the Metropolis, and sampled the hospitality of the casual ward, various "doss" houses, and charitable institutions, and describes in poignant terms the real need for cheap, clean lodging-houses for women. Many well-known women are interested in the scheme, and last week a meeting was held at the Ladies Imperial Club in order to explain its scope. Lady Lawrence was in the chair.

Lady Maud Warrender has been so long and closely connected with musical interests and enterprises in London that it has surprised many people to hear that

she is visiting America in her other capacity as President-General of the Poetry Society, which has branches all over the world. Her mission is to stimulate interest in the recitals that the society is organising in aid of the

Shakespeare Theatrical Memorial Fund, and she is sure of a sympathetic reception in the United States, whose scholars have done such distinguished work in Shakespeare research. She will broadcast a message from New York when she lands, and will then visit many towns, where she will be kept busy addressing numerous clubs. The Americans have an infinite capacity for listening to and



VISITING AMERICA IN HER CAPACITY OF PRESIDENT-GENERAL OF THE POETRY SOCIETY: LADY MAUD WARRENDER.

Photograph by Vaughan and Freeman.

enjoying addresses by people who know their subject, and they attract an increasing number of speakers from this country—rather a mixed collection indeed. They will enjoy listening to Lady Maud Warrender, especially if she also sings to them, for she has a fine voice and sings with much taste. It would be impossible to reckon up the number of charities and good causes that Lady Maud has helped by her singing, as well as by active work in other ways; but she is hardly likely to meet any woman interested in social work in America with whom she cannot exchange informed opinions; while her interests are equally varied on the purely social side. Lady Maud, who is a daughter of the eighth Earl of Shaftesbury and a sister of the present Earl and of the Countess of Mar and Kellie, is a stately, handsome woman, and always dresses well.

The Hon. Mrs. Arthur Howard gave a tea the other day in connection with the mysteriously named Three B's Ball, to be held at Claridge's on Dec. 15. Her sisters, Mrs. Gordon Munro, chairman of the committee, and Miss Betty Baldwin, were there, with the Hon. Mrs. Hugh Gilliland, Lady Mary Ashley-Cooper, Miss Marcella Duggan, and others who are interested in this effort to raise the additional sum required for the new extension of the library of Braille books for the blind. Most of the work done in connection with these huge books (an ordinary seven-and-six-penny novel makes three great tomes in Braille) is voluntary, but even so the expenses are great and each volume costs a guinea. As the library issues six hundred volumes a day to libraries and people in this country and in the Dominions, a vast amount of storage space is needed. Autographed books by distinguished writers are to be auctioned at the ball, including three copies of Mr. Stanley Baldwin's book on England, and Lord Oxford's new book; while Viscount Grey of Fallodon, who has learnt to read in Braille, has given a copy of his reminiscences, with a charming inscription. Mrs. Howard, who is the second of Mr. Baldwin's three pretty daughters, is the wife of the late Lady Strathcona's younger son.



MR. BALDWIN'S SECOND DAUGHTER, THE HON. MRS. ARTHUR HOWARD.

Photograph by Bertram Park.



RESTING AFTER HER RECENT OPERATION: MRS. AMERY, THE WIFE OF THE COLONIAL SECRETARY.

Photograph by Yevonde.

enjoy their stay in London. She attended all the official entertainments to which they were invited and many of the unofficial parties, and gave a good many luncheons and dinners for Colonial visitors, in



THE FOOD OF THE GODS!

"All this in the papers about vitamins and what-nots—a chap can never be sure if he's eating the right food nowadays."

"Never mind, old boy; say Worthington and you'll get the right drink, anyway."

CHRISTMAS IN THE SHOPS.

"BUYING, Buying, Bought!" is the motto of the moment. Christmas shopping is in full swing, and we have scarcely time to overcome one problem before bumping up against the next. Every season brings forth its standard hints (facetious and otherwise) on "What Not to Give," but the following pages, by way of contrast, offer many helpful suggestions on what to choose safely for friends of every taste. There are gifts useful and frivolous, luxurious or modestly priced—none are forgotten in the list, and everyone will find there possibilities to meet their purse and yet allow the pleasure of satisfying to the full the generous spirit of the season.



LUCKY SCARAB JEWELLERY: AT CHARLES PACKER'S, 76, REGENT STREET, W.

very effective, the pearl being set in a "winkle" shell of gold. A brooch can be obtained for £1 5s., and a necklet for £1 18s. A catalogue of attractive gifts can be obtained post free by all who apply mentioning the name of this paper.

Chocolates for Christmas. All kiddies look forward to a never-ending supply of Cadbury's chocolate at that season, and mothers fear no unwelcome consequence for it is well known that these chocolates are produced at Bournville under ideal conditions, and are absolutely pure and healthy. Pictured here is the "Marlborough" assortment, and there are countless others at all prices, obtainable everywhere.



FOR THE CHRISTMAS STOCKING: CADBURY'S DELICIOUS CHOCOLATES.

here is the "Marlborough" assortment, and there are countless others at all prices, obtainable everywhere.

Big Greys. A Christmas present every cigarette-smoking friend will appreciate is a cabinet of Greys cigarettes, which is obtainable everywhere. This special gift casket, containing 100 Greys big cigarettes, is artistically carried out in green and gold, though no price is charged for the special packing, and the price is 7s. 9d. a hundred.

The Dousona Gramophone. The Dousona gramophone is not the product of haphazard experiment: its purity of tone and the elimination of metallic sounds are due to the wood tone-arm and the floating wood amplifier. Naturally, the entire musical range finds expression, but the main characteristic of the Dousona is its ability to express each note in all its full musical value. The showrooms of this entirely British enterprise are at 170, Fleet Street, E.C.4; 54, High Street, Croydon; and 108, Old Christchurch Road, Bournemouth.

A Lasting Cigarette Gift.

Cigarettes are always a popular gift at Christmas, but, alas! they end in smoke, leaving nothing to remind one of the donor. Cavanders, Ltd., however, have just issued a handsome cabinet in hammered



AN EVER-WELCOME GREETING: ARMY CLUB CIGARETTES.

oxydised bronze, containing 200 Army Club cigarettes—a really decorative gift for 12s. When empty, the box makes an ideal glove, trinket, or again a cigarette box, so that it is a lasting souvenir.

Fragrant Offerings.

A bower of sweet-smelling gifts is Atkinson's, 24, Old Bond Street, W., where beautiful perfume, bath-salts, and toilet luxuries of all kinds are obtainable in delightfully artistic jars and bottles. In these



FRAGRANT OFFERINGS: AT ATKINSON'S, 24, OLD BOND STREET, W.

salons were sketched the bath-salts and the eau-de-Cologne shown here. This firm's eau-de-Cologne has long been renowned for its fragrance and refreshing qualities. It can be obtained in bottles ranging from 2s. 6d. to 42s. As for other perfumes, there is "Ambre Chinois," "Chypre," and a hundred others which have to be tried to be appreciated. A visit to these salons will solve happily many problems.



AMUSING MASCOTS: AT LIBERTY'S, REGENT STREET, W.

A Motion Picture Outfit for Christmas.

Fortunate indeed is the family that receives this year the new Cine-"Kodak" and "Kodascope," which make possible for the amateur the taking and showing of motion pictures—pictures that, when seen on the screen, seem to live again and tell the whole story from start to finish. The Cine-"Kodak" and "Kodascope" together make a complete motion-picture outfit for the amateur. They are not toys, but really practical apparatus, which bring motion-picture making and showing easily within the scope of the ordinary amateur. The Cine "Kodak" makes motion pictures as easily as a 'Brownie' makes snapshots, and the "Kodascope" is the simple little projector which enables the pictures to be shown on the screen at home. And the owner of a "Kodascope" is not limited to the pictures he makes himself. He can show in his own home films similar to those he sees at the theatre.



A NOVELTY WHICH NEVER STALES: THE NEW CINE-"KODAK" FOR MOTION-PICTURES.

Useful Coats for Town and Country.

At this time of year there is always a golden opportunity of acquiring a new coat, and the one pictured below is a new 1927 model from Kenneth Durward, Ulster House, Conduit Street, W. It is built of black "Durwardeen," with a pouched back and front tapering into inverted pleats. Excellent presents, too, are practical tweed country coats available for 6 guineas; and a short suede coat with a skirt to match in shaded checked cloth, an ideal sports outfit, costs 4½ guineas the coat and 3 guineas the skirt. For motorists there are trim coats of nigger chrome leather lined with checked wool and colored with fur, available for 12 guineas.

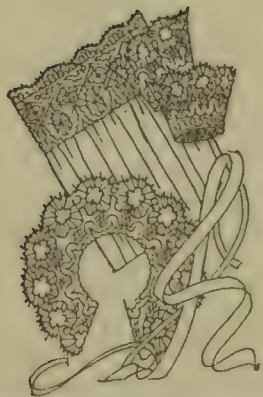
Gifts from Liberty's.

All over the world the name Liberty's stands for artistic and decorative gifts. This year the firm have produced a wonderful gift catalogue reproducing everything in their beautiful colourings, so that even residents abroad may know exactly what they are seeking. It will be sent gratis and post free to all who apply to the Regent Street house, mentioning this paper. Lovely evening shawls are obtainable for £2 15s. in silk crêpe and fringe, or for £5 5s. hand-printed in old designs; while Japanese silk scarves are only 18s. 6d. each. Then pretty calendars in suede leather are 3s. 11d., and vanity-cases in tooled leather, fitted with mirror and comb, are 10s. 6d. Amongst the many amusing mascots are the trio pictured here, which are all fashioned of soft "cuddly" materials which cannot harm.



A 1927 COAT: AT KENNETH DURWARD'S, CONDUIT STREET, W.

TOILET TRIFLES AND LUX



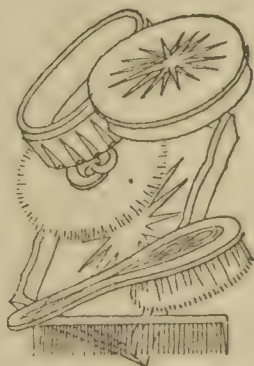
RIBBONS AND LACES—Here are lace vestette, collar and cuffs. Delicate trifles needing the greatest care in washing should always be entrusted to Lux. Its purity and gentle action safeguard the colours of your ribbons if these colours will stand pure water alone.



JEWELLERY AND BEADS—Ivory and Venetian beads, rings, brooches, bangles of gold or silver. These, if unaffected by water, are cleansed and brightened by a warm solution of Lux. Line the wash-bowl with a soft towel to protect these articles from becoming scratched.



A LUX SHAMPOO—Now give yourself the invigorating delight of a Lux shampoo. Let it show you how glossy your hair really is. Whip up a Lux lather in small jar of hot water, cool till bearable, then cover your head in the rich foam. Rinse until your hair is quite free from lather, wrap head in a turkish towel and dry in usual way.



BRUSHES, COMBS AND CRYSTAL—Whisk combs and hair-brushes in tepid Lux lather, having first freed them from clinging hair. To cleanse powder-puff, dip downy part in Lux and shake dry in front of fire. Now the crystal toilet-tray and powder box—Lux cleanses crystal and restores its brilliant sparkle.



GLOVES AND STOCKINGS—Fabric, silk and wash-leather gloves keep their colour, soft texture and shape if washed on the hands in Lux. Silk and artificial silk stockings, if washed in Lux after every wearing, will last longer. Lux for woollen sports stockings, too.



CAP AND HANDKERCHIEFS—The shingle-cap is of wide-mesh, pale pink net, with silk ribbons. The handkerchiefs are coloured crepe-de-chine. All silks and delicate fabrics—coloured or plain—should be washed in Lux. You'll find full directions on every Lux packet.

WHENEVER you have a few odd moments, Lux is the magic to turn them to useful account. Shall it cleanse and brighten the dainty articles of your toilet table? Or your beads, bangles and other treasures of jewellery? Or shall it be a trifle of lingerie or lace, a pair of silk stockings or gloves that you wish well and safely washed? Lux is both quick and safe for the sheerest fabric or a hand painted trinket. Buy the large Lux packet for convenience and economy.

LUX

for everything you wash yourself

Mitcham Lavender Water. An offering which past Christ-mases have proved always appreciated is a bottle of Potter and Moore's Mitcham Lavender Water. It is made from the beautiful lavender blossoms specially grown at Mitcham and harvested by hand, then sent to the distillery, where the precious oil is extracted, still absolutely pure and redolent of the lavender flower. Since 1749 this lavender water has been famous, and its reputation has increased with the years. It is obtainable from all stores of prestige at prices to suit every pocket.



AN EVER-
WELCOME
GREETING:
MITCHAM
LAVENDER
WATER.

French Novelties in London.

There are, as usual, a host of captivating novelties from Paris to be found in the salons of the Galeries Lafayette, Regent Street, W. From there come the quaint little figures shown below. The "caddy" ash-tray costs 10s. 6d., and the little wooden soldier pottery mascot is 23s. Then the new bracelets of large rolled-gold link interspersed with cabochons of coloured stones can be obtained for 16s. 11d., and single

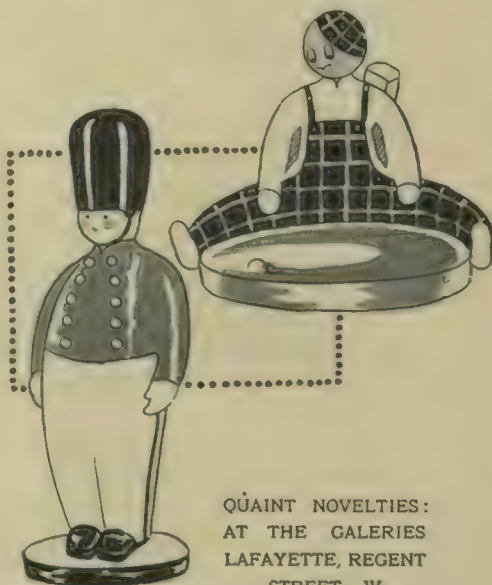
pearl ear-rings set in silver and French paste are only 4s. 11d. a pair. The newest hat ornament is a fan-shaped affair in white metal and paste, with an engraved crystal centre painted with flowers. It can be secured for 5s. 11d. For the evening, there are beautiful trails of frosted velvet roses obtainable for 6s. 11d., and a bag of ostrich feathers trimmed with gold is 7s. 11d.

Pearls which
Everyone
May Buy.

In these
days it
is almost
as essen-
tial for a woman to have a
pearl necklace as to wear



THIS NEW CHRISTMAS LIST, ISSUED BY HEDGES AND BUTLER, 153, REGENT STREET, W., WILL BE OF IMMENSE HELP IN STOCKING THE CELLAR FOR CHRISTMAS, AND IN CHOOSING APPROPRIATE GIFTS.



QUAINT NOVELTIES:
AT THE GALERIES
LAFAYETTE, REGENT
STREET, W.

silk stockings, and no one need be debarred from acquiring one this Christmas, as the famous Ciro Pearls are still obtainable for the modest cost of 1 guinea a string, 16 in. long. At the same price are rings, ear-rings, and brooches, beautifully designed, fashioned of gold and Ciro Pearls. They are perfect replicas of the deep-sea gem, and have lost nothing of the original lustre and delicacy. An illustrated booklet can be obtained free on request to 178, Regent Street, W., mentioning the name of this paper; it will prove of great use during the gift season.

A Decorative Caddy of Tea.

Tea is undoubtedly the most universally drunk beverage in the world, and a decorative canister of U.K. tea is a gift sure of appreciation. Packed by the United Kingdom Tea Company, Paul Street, Finsbury, there

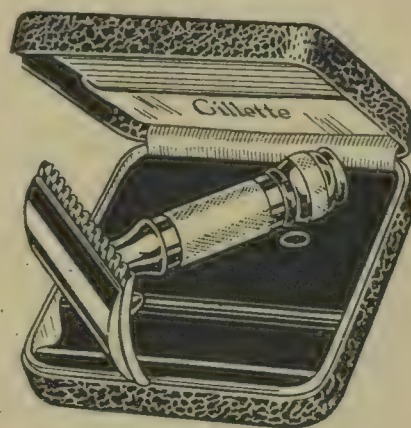
are sizes varying from 1 lb. to 10 lb., containing this delicious tea, at an inclusive price of 3s. per pound. The large tins from 1 lb. upwards are Japanese in design, beautifully decorated in colour. A gift such as this is always acceptable, for we can never have too much of U.K. tea, and its flavour never stales. For sending by post this compact canister is an ideal solution to the packing problem.

A Small Gold-Plated Safety Razor.



WHAT EVERY WOMAN WANTS:
LOVELY CIRO PEARLS.

Nowadays a razor is an indispensable item to every fastidious woman's toilet, and a useful gift she will appreciate is the neat Gillette "Parisienne" set pictured here, which is gold-plated, and contained in a blue and gold case, lined with velvet and satin. The price is only 7s. 6d. complete. For men there are "Gillette" sets at all prices, including several at 5s. each, complete with blade box and case. The "New Standard," the latest improved model, triple silver-plated and in a leather-covered case, is 11s. An illustrated booklet will be sent post free to all who apply to the Gillette Safety Razor Company, 184, Great Portland Street, W.

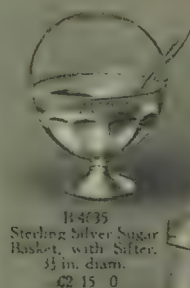


AN OLD FRIEND: GILLETTE'S SAFETY RAZOR.

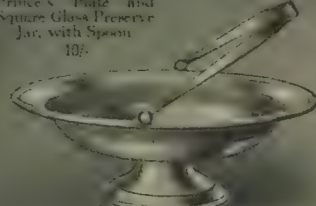
Gifts

JEWELLERY, WATCHES,
SILVERWARE, PRINCE'S PLATE,
TORTOISESHELL & LEATHER GOODS.

A Catalogue of Gifts will be sent post free.



Full size, with Servers ... £1 12 6



20152. Prince's Plate Cafe Set on Tray, with 4 Cups and Saucers, as illustrated. Length 17 1/2 in. ... £5 5 0

PRINCE'S PLATE SPOONS AND
FORKS—LAST A LIFETIME.

| | |
|---|--------|
| Table Spoons or Forks | £2 2 0 |
| Tea Spoons | 17 6 |
| Desert Spoons or Forks | 1 12 6 |
| Smaller quantities at proportionate prices. | |



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158 162, OXFORD ST., W.1.
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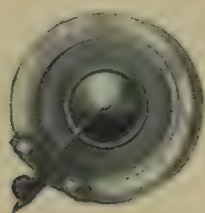
Paris · Rome · Montreal · Buenos Aires · Rio-de-Janeiro · Sao Paulo.

The Revelation of the Drawn Curtain

VITAL AND
EXCLUSIVE
FEATURES IN
THE NEW
Viva-tonal COLUMBIA

N^o 3.

Response!



This two-zone sound-box is an exclusive *Viva-tonal* Columbia feature and it reproduces minute detail impossible of reproduction in any other type of soundbox.



A sectional side view of the new two-zone sound-box of the *Viva-tonal* Columbia. In the section view the black lines show the two zones.

EVEN response throughout its ENTIRE musical scale—that is the feature wherein the new *Viva-tonal* Columbia differs from all other gramophones. Look at your gramophone—its soundbox has a flat diaphragm. Scientific research in the Columbia laboratories proved that this had definite limitations in response to sound-vibrations. The flat diaphragm is abandoned in the *Viva-tonal* Columbia and in its place, for the first time, is used a diaphragm having two responsive zones, the purpose being to give equal response or value to both high and low frequencies. Thus one zone is tuned to a peak resonance of 3,000 vibrations per second, the other to a peak resonance of 110 vibrations per second. By this means it is possible, for the first time, to reproduce every note from the deepest pedal notes of the organ to the highest note of the piccolo at its correct value. . . . Of no other gramophone can this be said.

The New 1927 Scientific Gramophone

LIKE
LIFE
ITSELF!

The Viva-tonal
Columbia

LIKE
LIFE
ITSELF!

The ONLY Gramophone Giving Even Response
throughout its ENTIRE Musical Range.

Prices from £4 15s.
to £25. Model illus-
trated is Cabinet
Model No. 125
(OAK) £14 10s. or
No. 126 (MAHOG-
ANY) £15 15s.



INVITATION

Special invitation to Free
Demonstration without
obligation at your Nearest
Dealer, with Art Cata-
logue of the "*Viva-tonal*"
Columbia, post free on
application to Columbia,
102-108 Clerkenwell Road,
London, E.C.1.



A BOX OF CARR'S DELICIOUS BISCUITS
FOR CHRISTMAS PARTIES.

**A Present for
One's Hostess.**

To a family who entertain a great deal, no gift could be more acceptable than the electric heater pictured here, which is a speciality of Elkington and Co., long famous for their "Elkington Plate." It is designed to keep any dish hot on the table, and is practically everlasting in wear, complete with an Elkington Plate Frame. Wired for voltage to order, it may be obtained for £3 3s. complete, from this firm's salons at 20, Regent Street, W. There also can be obtained a cocktail set in Elkington Plate, comprising shaker and tray, with six glasses, available for £7 10s.; and a delightful set of coffee-cups and saucers in fine china decorated with silver can be obtained for £5 in a velvet lined case. Elkington Plate is an excellent present, for it will last indefinitely.



A USEFUL PRESENT FOR A LARGE FAMILY:
AT ELKINGTON'S, 20, REGENT STREET, W.

**Carr's Biscuits and
Chocolates.**

Every hostess at Christmas time would rejoice to receive the sensible offering pictured here—a box of the delicious biscuits of Carr and Co., of Carlisle. This firm are making thousands of attractive tins and boxes filled with biscuits of every variety, from chocolate tea biscuits to plain "Table Water" and "Club Cheese." A specially attractive gift is the walnut casket filled with mixed biscuits and with chocolates, and for the children there are toys such as tramcars and lifeboats, also filled with biscuits. They are obtainable everywhere, and should be found in every family store cupboard.



EVER-WELCOME CIGARETTES: THE FAMOUS
CRAVEN "A."

Every smoker likes Craven "A" cigarettes, and their universal popularity is due in no small degree to the fact that they do not affect the throat. The handsome decorated metal boxes of 50 and 100 cost 2s. 6d. and 5s. respectively. The beautiful rich red cabinet of 200 Craven "A," complete with oxydised ash-tray, is obtainable for 10s. These handsome boxes of Craven "A" cigarettes will solve all gift problems, whether for family or friends, and are pleasantly inexpensive.

**Cushions, Lamps,
and Furniture.**

Every friend who takes a pride in her furniture would rejoice to receive a present which comes from Hampton's, Pall Mall East, S.W., who have long been famous for furniture and decoration. From their salons come this delightfully "comfy" easy chair and the graceful standard lamp in gilt and colours with a hand-painted shade. This can be obtained for 79s. 6d. complete. Then there are lovely brocade cushions available from 18s. 6d. to £12, and a handsome velvet and leather pouffe in different colours is obtainable for 67s. 6d. All kinds of other useful presents are to be found here. An illustrated catalogue will be sent post free on request to all readers of this paper.



FURNISHING ACCESSORIES: AT HAMPTON'S,
PALL MALL EAST, S.W.

Gifts That Last IN STERLING SILVER.

MORE than passing pleasure comes with these Christmas tokens in sterling silver; they will yield years of gracious service. Harrods great Silver Salon affords delightful Gift-selection.

PS 6754. Sterling silver
Trinket Box, lined velvet.
2½ ins. diameter, engine
turned - - 20/-

Do. Plain - - 17/9

3 ins. diameter,
engine turned - 27/6

Do. plain - - 25/-

PS 4242. Silver moun-
ted Ivory Tusk Paper
Knives, 9½ ins. long.
21/-

PS 6770. Sterling silver
Tea Strainer on drip
stand. Length of strainer
5 inches.
Complete 28/-

PS 6626. Glass Teapot
Stands, with sterling sil-
ver 'slip-on' mounts.

7 ins. - - 25/-

6 ins. - - 16/6

5 ins. - - 13/9

PS 6771. Sterling silver
and enamel cut glass
smelling salts bottle, 2½
inches high - - 12/-

With inlaid tor-
toiseshell Top - 10/6

Without Inlay - 9/6

With engine-turned
silver Top - 8/6

With plain Top - 7/6

PS 6751. Sterling silver
hexagonal Ink Stand.

5 ins. - - 36/-

4½ ins. - - 31/6

4 ins. - - 28/6

Great Silver Salon:
Ground Floor.

Write for Harrods Book
of Christmas Gifts.

HARRODS

HARRODS Ltd

LONDON



ASK PLEASE FOR "THREE THREES"

A
STATE EXPRESS
BRAND
20 for 1/-

*They soothe
the nerves*

ARDATH TOBACCO CO. LTD LONDON

THE WORLD OF MUSIC.

BROADCASTING IN THE FUTURE.

EVERYBODY one meets seems to assume that the new system of public control of the British Broadcasting Company will seriously diminish the enterprising spirit which has characterised the B.B.C. up to date. There have been in the past ominous signs of the dangers and difficulties that confronted the management in pursuing even a mildly go-ahead policy. When an amusing "rag" was arranged in which that occasionally admirably comic writer, Father Ronald Knox, brother of "Evie," of *Punch*, gave a burlesque account of an imaginary sack of London by twentieth-century Goths and Vandals, there was a scream of protest from the daily Press on the strength of this "rag" having frightened a few old ladies in villages around Cheltenham and other sequestered spots into thinking that there was a real revolution in London.

Of course, one must not be too severe on those who live cloistered lives and are haunted by bogeys and fears which seem ridiculous to the workaday world; on the other hand, it seems equally absurd that hundreds of thousands of people should be deprived of an extraordinarily comic half-hour because of the ignorance of the world of a few recluses. But this is the great difficulty of broadcasting—that it reaches so large and heterogeneous a public. It is therefore inevitable that the tendency should always be towards the lowest common denominator. In drawing up a programme for broadcasting, the officials have to ask themselves the following questions:—

1. Will this be intelligible to the meanest intelligence among a million listeners-in?
2. Will this be certain not to offend the religious, political, social, or ethical prejudices of any single member of the community?

If the answer to either of these leading questions is "No," then the item in question must be deleted. One can easily see that under such conditions the broadcasting programmes must be emasculated and emptied of all life and colour. If nothing controversial or debatable is admitted, then everything which touches the life-blood of the community must be omitted. This is why music has been from the beginning the staple subject-matter for broadcasting.

Nobody can say with any definiteness or certainty of commanding assent what any particular page of music means. It can be interpreted exactly as the listener pleases. Music, therefore, is and always will be the ideal stuff for broadcasting.

Unfortunately, however, music is more difficult to broadcast well than speech. Just as the variety and meaning of speech is in its intellectual content (and we have already seen that for broadcasting speech must be emptied of all real content and rendered blameless and innocuous), so the meaning of music exists in that subtle variety of tone, timbre, and colour which it is next to impossible to convey adequately through the microphone and the loud-speaker. When one considers the different kinds of instruments in a modern orchestra, made of a variety of materials, and in varying sizes, and reflects on the impossibility of reproducing all these different sounds through the medium of one metal diaphragm, one realises that the engineers of the B.B.C. are up against an insoluble problem.

A picture of sorts, more or less satisfactory, may be given by reproducing in monochrome what in the original is in colour, and such pictures may give a great deal of pleasure, and be well worth doing, but we must not deceive ourselves or the public into thinking that these monochromes, or even three-colour process reproductions, are the same thing or as good as the originals.

A more profitable way of dealing with this problem would be to study carefully what sort of music and what sort of instruments lend themselves best to broadcasting. The violin and the human voice—but not all voices, for they vary considerably in their suitability for transmission—are among the best. It also stands to reason that small groups of concerted instruments are far better than large orchestras. Trios, quartets, and all kinds of chamber music lend themselves well to broadcasting. But, in addition, there is the type of music itself to be taken into consideration. The older classics, for example, with their clear-cut outlines, their melodic expressiveness, their thin harmonies and general linear character, sound much more near to the real thing when broadcasted than do the turgid, harmonic, thick-textured works of Wagner and more recent composers. I should think Debussy, Ravel, and some of the Spanish composers were more

suitable to broadcasting than Strauss or Elgar; but experience shows that there are exceptions which modify, if they do not upset, all theories, and if a B.B.C. engineer told me that Tchaikovsky's "1812" Overture transmitted better than Debussy's Quartet, I should be surprised, but not incredulous.

The problem of reception and transmission is, I presume, much nearer satisfactory solution than the problem of conversion. The B.B.C. can afford to use the very best and latest appliances, whereas the general public is forced to content itself with the cheapest sets and the most primitive methods. On the other hand, owing to the enormous demand, it may be possible to produce in sufficient quantities to supply a high-class listening-in set at a low price; yet, however excellent these sets are, and to whatever degree of efficiency the technique of wireless is developed, there will always remain the same fundamental objection to perfect reproduction. It is impossible that the vibrations of one piece of metal should give the same result as the vibrations from different kinds and shapes of wood and metal. All mechanical reproduction of music sooner or later comes up against this obstacle in one form or another. The pianola or mechanical piano-player has not, as many originally feared, superseded the pianist, as it was found impossible to reproduce the subtlety, the light, shade and variability of the living human being by a machine, and in the endeavour to improve the crudeness of the machine more and more ingenious devices under the control of the human manipulator of the piano-player were added to the machine, until at last a really good piano-player, a piano-player that would not offend the ears of any sensitive amateur or musician, became almost as difficult to play as the pianoforte itself. And it is obvious that the perfect piano-player would necessarily have to be as difficult to play as the pianoforte. For these "difficulties" are not gratuitous, accidental, irrelevant nuisances to be abolished by a scientific invention—they are the very essence of the thing itself. They are its richness, its means of expression, and if you abolish the means you abolish the expression.

One would think that this truth was so obvious as to need no statement, to say nothing of emphasis; but the history of mankind is the history of the rapid, credulous acceptance and the resultant slow,

[Continued on page 1200.]

LA CORONA

HAVANA CIGARS

THOSE wishing, at this Christmas Season, to send choice Havana Cigars to their friends, can buy nothing finer in the world than cigars manufactured in Cuba by the celebrated Cigar Factory of LA CORONA, in a large variety of sizes and shapes.

The Cigars made in the LA CORONA Factory are recognized by Smokers the World over, as the finest that can possibly be made—universally served at high-class banquets, functions and dinners, both of a private and a public nature.

All genuine
LA CORONA

Cigars have the words "La Corona" on the band.

On sale at the best retail Shops, Stores, Clubs and Restaurants.

THE HAVANA CIGAR AND TOBACCO FACTORIES, LIMITED,
HAVANA CUBA.

"DEER LEAP" Reg: Trade Mark

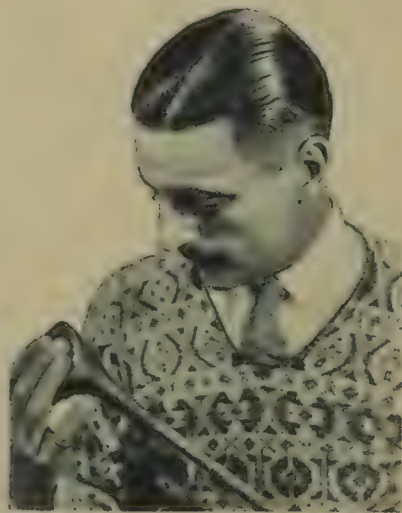
The Famous CARLSBAD Treatment

for Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica & Gout.

KUTNOW'S POWDER

The Enemy of Uric Acid

Certainty of
Smooth Hair
—always.



Undisturbed by the Day's Activities—

MEN who use ANZORA never need a comb. They know that their hair will stay tidy all day long. It is the only hair-dressing which really controls the hair. Firmly refuse all substitutes.

ANZORA CREAM for greasy scalps, will not soil hat linings or pillows and ANZORA VIOLA, for dry scalps, containing a little oil of violets, are sold in 1/6 and 2/6 (double quantity) bottles by Chemists, Hair-dressers and Stores.

ANZORA
Masters the Hair!



Manufactured by Anzora Perfumery Co., Ltd., London, N.W.6

~PERFECT~ REPRODUCTION

Burndept creates a new standard in wireless

From the deep bass tones of the organ to the high piping trill of the nightingale, Burndept reproduction gives you every note in perfect purity—and that practically at the touch of a switch. Such faultless reproduction and simplicity of working create an entirely new standard in Wireless.

WITH A BURNDEPT

Ethophone-3

A THREE-VALVE BROADCAST RECEIVER

Burndept Super Valves and an "Ethovox" Loud Speaker you have that perfect combination necessary to give you sounds as they are—not as they are distorted. Every word distinct, every note clearly and purely reproduced—just as you would hear it were the speaker, singer or instrumentalist in the room with you. Why not instal the Burndept combination for Christmas?

Ask your local Burndept Dealer for a Demonstration, or, if you prefer it, have one in our London Showrooms.

The ETHOPHONE - THREE

(a Three-valve Broadcast Receiver), is a simplified receiver designed specially for reception within 50 or 60 miles of normal power stations or within 150 to 200 miles of Daventry. To change from your local station to Daventry you merely push up the Daventry switch. No need to change coils or tinker about. In polished Mahogany Cabinet.

COMPLETE WITH THREE BURNDEPT SUPER VALVES. Coils for 200-650 metres and Daventry Unit.

(Licence fee 37/6)

£18



BURNDEPT

WIRELESS LIMITED

LONDON SHOWROOMS: 15, Bedford St., Strand, W.C.2
AGENTS AND BRANCHES EVERYWHERE

The ETHOPHONE - THREE

(as Illustrated)

is one of the celebrated Burndept Range of Wireless Receiving Sets. Full particulars of all sets, from 5 gns. to £75, will be gladly furnished on request. Send for the free publication No. 303, which gives details of all Burndept apparatus.

"ETHOVOX" LOUD SPEAKER with Metal Horn £4 10s.

"ETHOVOX" LOUD SPEAKER with Mahogany Horn £5 5s. Junior Model - £2 2s.



Make a Note— MOSS BROS & CO LTD

Naval, Military and General Outfitters.

(THE HOUSE FOR READY-TO-WEAR) have the largest Selection in London of
OVERCOATS, Lounge Suits, Evening Dress, Morning Suits, Hunting and Sporting Kit, Ladies' Habits, SADDLERY, Kit Bags, Trunks, Boots and Shoes, Hosiery, Binoculars, etc.

ONLY ADDRESS:

CORNER of KING ST
and Bedford Street
COVENT GARDEN

(Just off the Strand) LONDON W.C.2

Telephone: Gerrard 3750 (3 lines). Wires: "Parsee, Rand, London."



"THE TWINS ARE ALWAYS GOOD."

It is a fallacy to suppose that all healthy children are naughty. Look at the twins. As healthy and sturdy as can be, as happy as sandboys, and give no trouble at all. Mother attributes their good health to the fine anti-septic influence of Wright's Coal Tar Soap.

It protects them from all the dangers lurking in the dirt, it thoroughly cleanses the skin and leaves it glowingly fresh and healthy.

WRIGHT'S COAL TAR SOAP

The Ideal Soap for Toilet and Nursery use.
6d. per tablet. Bath size, 10d. per tablet.



Mackinlay's

SCOTCH WHISKY

There's no
use talking—

TASTE IT!

Blended, distilled and bottled in Scotland by
CHAS. MACKINLAY & CO., Distillers, LEITH.



ML
12 6
1/2 doz. case
81.-
1 doz. case
162.-

VOB
12 6
1/2 doz. case
75/-
1 doz. case
150.-

ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB ML VOB

"THE GREATEST OF THESE—" CHRISTMAS APPEALS IN THE NAME OF CHARITY.

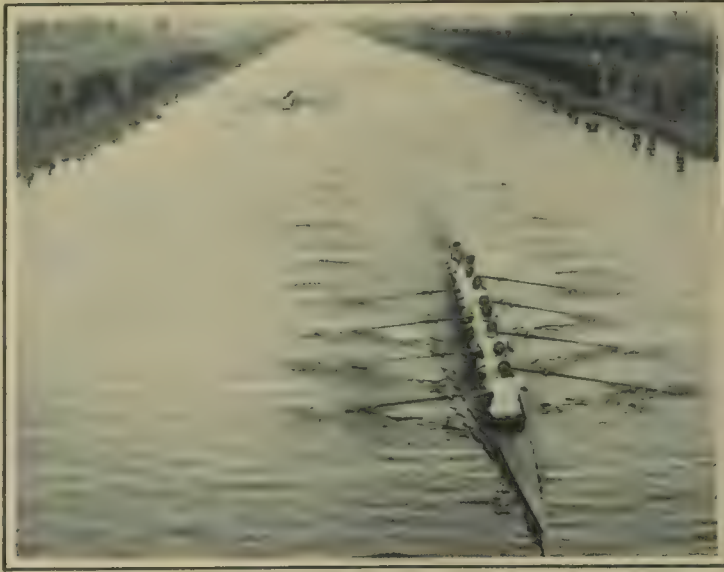
AS the season of goodwill approaches, we take occasion to draw the attention of our readers to many charities that have strong claims on the benevolence of the public. First and foremost we place those whose object is to help ex-Service men or the families of the fallen. Field-Marshal Earl Haig stated recently that, since the inception of his Appeal Fund in 1920, it had spent over £2,000,000 in assisting ex-Service men and their dependents. More than £500,000 had been advanced in loans, mainly to enable men to establish themselves in business, and already £256,000 had been repaid. £1,400,000 had been issued in the relief of actual distress through unemployment; some 1,000,000 cases had been assisted. In five years "Poppy Day," which provided the main income of the Fund, raised £1,311,000. The Fund needed an annual income of £600,000. Contributions should be sent to the Organising Secretary (Captain W. G. Willcox, M.B.E.), Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, 26, Eccleston Square, London, S.W.1.

A kindred movement that merits all the aid that can be given is that of the Incorporated Soldiers and Sailors Help Society and Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops, of which the Duke of Connaught is the President. Since 1903 the Society has assisted 791,378 ex-Service men, and 3000 badly disabled men have been trained and employed by the Lord Roberts Workshops. Full particulars are given in their illustrated booklets. "These are the men," says one, "who fought and risked their lives and sacrificed health and strength for us. The debt is a debt of honour that can never be liquidated in full." Send just what you can afford to the Hon. Treasurer, the Right Hon. Sir Frederick Milner, Bt., P.C., 122, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3.

The men of the Merchant Service did splendid work in the war, and no appeal on behalf of our sailors ever fails to win response. Over three-quarters of a million persons have been relieved by the Shipwrecked Mariners' Society (Central Office, Carlton House, Regent Street, London, S.W.1.) since its foundation

in 1839. Whatever the weather, the Society is daily called upon for help not only to shipwrecked men, but to many widows and orphans of fishermen and sailors and to aged and distressed seafarers. The funds are low. In view of the scope and value of the Society's work, that financial shortage ought not to exist.

Amongst those who beg for a share of our readers' largesse at Christmas and the New Year are the Shaftesbury Homes and *Arethusa* Training Ship, of



THE CAMBRIDGE TRIAL EIGHTS AT ELY: THE RACE IN PROGRESS. The Cambridge Trial Eights race took place over the Adelaide course at Ely. The Hon. J. S. Maclay's crew won by over three lengths, in fourteen minutes fifty-one seconds—one of the best times ever recorded.—[Photograph by C.N.]

164, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C.2. The committee appeal particularly for funds for the upkeep of the 200 boys on board, as well as for the 570 younger boys in the country homes and the 240 girls at Ealing, Sudbury, and Royston. After training, not only the Homeland, but the Empire at large, is benefited, for some of these boys and girls are sent to the Dominions, and all are so instructed that they may become God-fearing citizens. Lads of the *Arethusa*, by the way,

presented a fine spectacle of British boyhood in the Lord Mayor's Show.

Another cause which invariably arouses the warmest sympathy is that of childhood in distress. The National Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Children, established in 1884, and under the patronage of the King and Queen, has a magnificent record. Over 3,500,000 defenceless little children have benefited by its intervention. Donations may be sent to Sir Robert Parr, O.B.E., Director, N.S.P.C.C., Victory House, Leicester Square, London, W.C.2. No one who reads the Society's paper, the *Child's Guardian*, describing current cases, can doubt the urgent need of such action and the great value of its services to the community.

Similar motives inspire the Church of England Waifs and Strays Society, of which their Majesties are also patrons, along with the Duke of York, while the Duchess is patron of the Children's Union. During its forty-five years of existence, this Society has given protection and training to over 30,000 homeless, ill-treated, and unfortunate children. The secretary is the Rev. A. J. Westcott, D.D., and the head offices are at the Old Town Hall, Kennington Road, London, S.E.11.

A famous and honoured name in the history of child welfare is that of Dr. Barnardo, whose watch-word was "No destitute child ever refused admission." A Christmas leaflet issued by his Homes says: "This is their Diamond Jubilee year. Since the first little lad was rescued by Dr. Barnardo from sleeping in the cold streets, the Homes have received 101,600 boys and girls and babies. Their present family circle is never less than 7725. In the Largest Family in the world, there will be 1600 new members this Christmas who will be putting the question:

'Will Santa Claus know my address?'" That address is—Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 124, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, London, E.1.

The Alexandra Orphanage at Haverstock Hill, London, N.W.—where there are 300 boys and girls who have lost their fathers, and, but for the help of the Orphanage, would be living a life of difficulty—likewise asks for aid in making its charges happy. The youngsters have been received from all parts of the

[Continued overleaf.]

THE ONLY SPECIAL HOSPITAL IN LONDON FOR THE TREAT- MENT OF CANCER.

NO LETTERS.

NO PAYMENTS.

Fully equipped and specially staffed for the better treatment and research into the causes of Cancer. A certain number of beds are provided for advanced cases, who are kept comfortable and free from pain.

Annual Subscriptions, Donations and Legacies are earnestly solicited, and should be addressed to the Secretary.

The
Cancer Hospital
(FREE)

Research Institute built 1910.

Founded 1851

FULHAM ROAD, LONDON, S.W.3.

Bankers: COUTTS & CO., 440, Strand. J. COURTNEY BUCHANAN, Secretary.



A XMAS AND NEW YEAR APPEAL.

A piece of Constructive Christianity deserving of every support

The SHAFTESBURY HOMES and "ARETHUSA" TRAINING SHIP

Are Training 1,000 Boys and Girls from all parts of the U.K.

FUNDS URGENTLY NEEDED.

Patrons: THEIR MAJESTIES THE KING and QUEEN.
President: H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES, K.G.

10,000 Boys have been sent to the Royal Navy and Mercantile Marine.

Many hundreds have been emigrated to the British Dominions.

3,000 Girls have been trained for Household duties, etc.

Chairman and Treasurer: C. E. MALDEN, Esq., M.A.
Deputy Chairman: F. H. CLAYTON, Esq.,
Chairman of "Arethusa" Committee: HOWSON F. DEVITT, Esq.

164, SHAFTESBURY AVENUE, LONDON, W.C.2.

Bankers: WESTMINSTER BANK, 214, High Holborn, W.C.2



"Nobody likes me
'cause I have
spots!"

That was the cry of a little girl in the St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin. It illustrates the fact that a sufferer from skin complaints is too often regarded as a nuisance—to be shunned—than someone to be helped.

A person whose eyesight is affected is regarded everywhere with sympathy. Yet thousands of people find life burdensome because of a dread, mysterious skin disease.

But skin diseases can be cured: it takes time, skilled attention, proper treatment—but we are doing it.

ST. JOHN'S HOSPITAL

FOR DISEASES OF THE SKIN, 49, Leicester Square, London.

OVER 1000 PATIENTS TREATED EVERY WEEK.

HELP BY DONATION OR SUBSCRIPTION URGENTLY NEEDED.

Tel.: Gerrard 5580.

Secretary Superintendent: GEORGE A. ARNAUDIN.

Welcome
little ones!



For 60 years Dr. Barnardo's Homes have been welcoming the Nation's orphan and destitute little ones, and in that time no fewer than 101,245 have passed through their Ever-open Doors. 5 come in daily. 7,725 children are now being supported.

Will you send them
A CHRISTMAS GIFT
of 10/-

to feed one child for ten days?

Cheques and Orders payable "Dr. Barnardo's Homes Food Fund" and crossed, may be addressed to Dr. Barnardo's Homes, 92, Barnardo House, Stepney Causeway, E.1.

MAKE CHRISTMAS A HAPPY TIME FOR OTHERS

by sending a donation, however small, to
Field-Marshal

EARL HAIG'S British Legion APPEAL FUND

for Ex-Service Men, their Dependents and Widows
and Orphans of the Fallen.

H.R.H. THE PRINCE OF WALES said:

"The British Legion stands to-day as one of our greatest organizations for doing good."

"THE TIMES" said:

"The real service which the Legion renders is in the putting of men on their feet when they are nearly beaten, finding them employment, saving their self-respect, giving them advice and fighting their claims for them, caring for the tubercular and the nervous wrecks, helping to educate the orphan children, looking after widows' pensions, keeping homes together and hearts from utterly sinking."

Cheques should be made payable to Earl Haig's British Legion Appeal Fund, and addressed to the Organizing Secretary:

CAPTAIN W. G. WILLCOX, M.B.E. (Dept. 10),
26, ECCLESTON SQUARE, LONDON, S.W.1

IN MEMORIAM:

Earl Haig's Appeal Fund can place Wreaths of Haig Poppies, made by the disabled, on war graves in France and Flanders and on any Memorial or Cenotaph without charge. Wreaths from 10/6. Send for Price List and full particulars from The Organising Secretary, Dept. 10, 26, Eccleston Square, S.W. 1.

All the year round

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY

Founded 1799.

Incorporated 1899.

is helping forward missionary work

all over the world

127 YEARS' WORK includes:

The Gospel

through the printed page is being disseminated in 284 languages and dialects.

The Pilgrim's Progress

is issued in 119 languages and dialects.

Prizes for Scripture Knowledge

are granted to children in Elementary Schools.

Grants of Books

are made to Ministers, Missionaries, Theological Students, Libraries, etc.

Grants of Tracts

booklets and pictures are made for world-wide distribution.

£10

will print several thousand tracts in any European language, or in the Chinese or Indian languages.

£25

will help to provide prizes for Scripture knowledge in Elementary Schools.

£50

will produce one of several volumes much needed in Spanish, Hungarian, or Portuguese.

£120

will produce a hymn book in Ngala (Heart of Africa).

£150 to £250

will provide a new version of "The Pilgrim's Progress."

£1,000

will pay for a year's supply of literature for the London City Mission.

WILL YOU HELP US
with new and increased
subscriptions?

WILL YOU GIVE
a donation for special
work?

WHEN YOU THINK of all that this, and the production of Christian Literature in India, China, Japan, Korea and the Islands of the sea means to the world, will you not help The Religious Tract Society to extend its work and to do more in the existing fields?

WHEN YOU ARE MAKING YOUR WILL please remember The Religious Tract Society. Its Legacies are always a considerable proportion of its missionary income.

Please send a Contribution to the Secretaries,

THE RELIGIOUS TRACT SOCIETY,
65, St. Paul's Churchyard, London, E.C.4.

LONELY at Christmas Time

and other times too. Cut off from the joys of Social intercourse, the Deaf and Dumb know

UTTER LONELINESS

in the way that we who can hear and speak never fully realise. To break down this isolation and help them to live happy, useful lives is our aim. What value do YOU set on your own priceless faculties of Hearing and Speech? Will you send a small fraction of it as an Xmas Gift to aid the SOUND PRACTICAL work of the

ROYAL ASSOCIATION IN AID OF THE

DEAF & DUMB

413, Oxford St., W.1. Graham W. Simes, Sec.



THE EMPTY CHAIR

means more than an empty stocking for the little lad this Christmas. It means more than a heartache for him when he remembers that last Christmas his Daddy sat in that chair. Now, without his Daddy, it means that he has nobody except Mother to find him food and clothing, and she cannot do all she would because she is kept at home looking after him. At the ALEXANDRA ORPHANAGE fatherless children are received and cared for, so that their mothers may go to work to keep themselves. £16,000 are needed every year. Please send a Christmas gift to the Treasurer, LORD MARSHALL, 73, Cheapside, London, E.C. 2.

BE THE WEATHER FOUL OR FAIR the resources of the SHIPWRECKED MARINERS'

Society are daily called upon for help, not only to shipwrecked men, but to many widows and orphans of fishermen and sailors, and to aged and distressed seafarers. Its funds are low. Will you help?

Patron: H.M. THE KING.

Bankers: Williams Deacon's Bank, Ltd.

Secretary: G. E. MAUDE, Esq.

CARLTON HOUSE, REGENT ST.,
LONDON, S.W. 1

DISTRESSED GENTLEFOLKS' AID ASSOCIATION.

Funds URGENTLY
Needed

to maintain 180 existing
pensions, and to aid other
destitute cases.

Chairman:

Admiral Sir E. R. FREMANTLE.

Bankers: Lloyds Bank, Ltd.

Secretary: C. M. FINN, 75, Brook Green,
London, W.6.

Continued.]

country and the Dominions. Any Christmas gift may be addressed to Mr. Fred Robinson, 73, Cheapside, London, E.C.2.

The sorrows of age demand our sympathy almost as much as those of childhood. The Distressed Gentlefolks Aid Association is urgently in need of funds to maintain 180 existing pensions and to aid other destitute and deserving persons, mainly aged and infirm. The chairman is Admiral Sir E. R. Fremantle, and the secretary is Miss C. M. Finn, 75, Brook Green, W.6.

The hospitals make a perennial appeal to the hearts of the charitable, and none is more worthy of support than that which leads the crusade against cancer—the greatest scourge of modern life. The Cancer Hospital in Fulham Road, the only one devoted solely to the treatment and study of cancer, urgently needs more funds for a new operating theatre and extended research. "Cancer," we read in one of its leaflets, "is often curable," and every pound that is sent to the secretary of this hospital, Mr. J. Courtney Buchanan, brings nearer the ultimate conquest of the fell disease.

Excellent work of a general character is done by the Royal Northern group of hospitals, including the Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway; the Royal Chest Hospital, City Road; the Hospital of Recovery, "Grovelands," Southgate; and the Reckitt Convalescent Home, Clacton-on-Sea. The address for donations is the Secretary, Royal Northern Hospital, Holloway Road, N.7.

Among the specialised houses of healing one very deserving of help is the St. John's Hospital for Diseases of the Skin (262, Uxbridge Road), of which the Queen is patroness. It needs £10,000 for various extensions. The offices and out-patient department are in Leicester Square, and the secretary is Mr. George A. Arnaudin.

Another such institution, the Western Ophthalmic Hospital, in Marylebone Road, London, N.W.1, has an exceptional claim on public sympathy, since it was recently made the victim of a cruel hoax. Someone

sent the secretary a cheque for £20,000, on the strength of which new buildings were planned, but the cheque proved to be a bogus one.

Fine work in alleviating a particular affliction is also done by the Royal Association in Aid of the Deaf and Dumb, 413, Oxford Street, London, W.1. The

most famous and effective is the Church Army, whose headquarters are at 55, Bryanston Street, Marble Arch, London, W.1. This great organisation, with which the name of Prebendary Carlile, hon. chief secretary, has long been associated, is doing national work of the highest value.

Of lesser and local endeavours with kindred purposes the name is legion. Among them may be mentioned the South London Mission, which appeals for Christmas gifts to be sent to the Rev. Walter Spencer, Central Hall Buildings, Tower Bridge Road, S.E.1. Similar help for Christmas—in money or in kind—is asked for the poor in East Central London, by the Field Lane Institution, founded eighty-five years ago, Vine Street, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.; and for the far East End by the Rev. W. Noel Lambert, Vicar of St. Gabriel's, Poplar, E.14.

Those who wish to minister to the spiritual welfare of others by the spread of religious reading throughout the world will remember the work of the Religious Tract Society (65, St. Paul's Churchyard). "A larger missionary income," it is stated, "would enable the R.T.S. to make a yet greater contribution of Christian literature to peoples of many nationalities in their own language." A full and interesting account of the Society's work is given in its 127th annual report—an illustrated booklet entitled "Marching On," issued by the R.T.S. publicity department at 4, Bouverie Street, London, E.C.4.

British charity is not confined to human needs, but extends also to the welfare of animals. The watchword of Our Dumb Friends' League is "The animals are our friends, and we their guardians." The League, whose President is that fine sportsman Lord Lonsdale, was founded in 1879. It runs the Animals' Hospital in Hugh Street, Belgrave Road; the North London Dogs' Home in Taylors Lane, Willesden; and ten receiving shelters for stray animals. Full details may be obtained from the secretary, Lieut.-Colonel M. W. Douglas, Our Dumb Friends' League, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.



CHRISTMAS SHOPPING: ATTRACTIONS OF THE NEW SILVER DEPARTMENT AT MESSRS. WARING AND GILLOW'S, OXFORD STREET, W.

We here illustrate the beautiful display of gifts large and small that is to be seen in the new Silver Department on the ground floor of Messrs. Waring and Gillow's, in Oxford Street. The same firm exhibits appropriate presents in the shape of furniture and nursery decorations. A Christmas book of unusual interest can be obtained free and post free on request. This is full of suggestions.

Prince of Wales has said of it: "The history of this Association is a wonderful record of development from very small beginnings into a great national institution."

Of the many societies for the general assistance of the poor and homeless and unemployed, one of the

Hospital in Hugh Street, Belgrave Road; the North London Dogs' Home in Taylors Lane, Willesden; and ten receiving shelters for stray animals. Full details may be obtained from the secretary, Lieut.-Colonel M. W. Douglas, Our Dumb Friends' League, 72, Victoria Street, London, S.W.1.



WHO WILL HELP US
this
CHRISTMAS?

We are some
of the 4,470
children in the
care of the

WAIFS AND STRAYS SOCIETY

WHICH IS IN URGENT NEED OF
FUNDS FOR ITS LARGE FAMILY.

Please send a Christmas Gift to our Secretary,
Rev. A. J. Westcott, D.D., Old Town Hall, Kennington,
London, S.E.11

Cheques and Postal Orders crossed Barclays Bank and payable "Waifs & Strays."

A HUNGRY CHRISTMAS!



WE are facing in South London a Black Christmas. Cruel Hunger—Bitter Cold and Squalid Misery. The Children suffer always, but during the winter they suffer more than ever. Over 60,000 Free Meals have been given during the year to the Half-Starved Bairns, but at Christmas-time we long to do more!

Love came to Bethlehem once to save the World! We need your Practical Christian Love to enable us to minister this Christmas to the half-starved Slum Children, whose wistful prayer is "Please, God, don't let Father Christmas forget us!" Though often hungry and cold, these Children never lose hope at Christmas-time.

Won't you help Father Christmas to fill the Children's Empty Stockings and their Empty Lives? We want to provide Christmas Parties, with Christmas Trees, and Gifts for 10,000 of our poorest Slum Children; and to distribute Christmas Dinners, Parcels, Joints of Beef, and Coal to our Destitute Homes.

Your Gift will mean Food, Fire, Christmas Cheer, and Full Stockings for the Children of these Homes of Want.

Without your Gift the ragged stockings hung up on Christmas Eve in many a Slum Home will remain empty, and the little hearts will be broken!

Please send your Gift of Love to:—

Rev. WALTER SPENCER,
Slum Child Welfare and Social Service Section of the South London Mission. (Founded 1812.)
CENTRAL HALL BUILDINGS, Tower Bridge Road, London, S.E.1

CHILDREN'S COUNTRY HOLIDAYS FUND

Patroness . . . H.R.H. THE DUCHESS OF YORK.

== ==

A DINNER DANCE

in aid of the above Fund will be held at

THE KIT CAT CLUB, HAYMARKET, S.W.1

On Sunday, 12th December, 1926,

8 p.m.—2 a.m.

GALA NIGHT

JACK HYLTON'S BAND.

There is to be an excellent Cabaret, including Nelson Keys, Gwen Farrar, Nick Lucas, etc. Favours supplied by Maison Cyrano.

== ==

Dinner and Dance Tickets (excluding wine), £1 : 5 : 0 each, to be obtained from Mrs. JOYNSON-HICKS, Hon. Secretary, Ball Committee, The Children's Country Holidays Fund, 18, Buckingham Street, Strand, W.C.2 (Telephone: Gerrard 8004); The Secretary, Kit Cat Club, Haymarket, S.W.1 (Telephone: Regent 1263), and Members of the Ball Committee.

There are Heroes still at War!

Buy them a measure of Peace this Christmas.



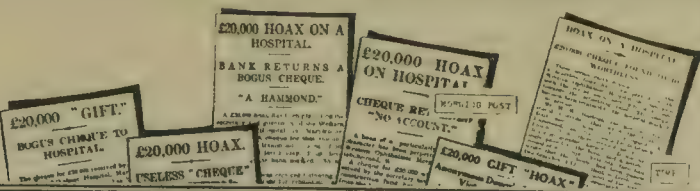
Many are sick, without employment, clothing or sufficient food. Others are fighting for their independence against the handicap of crippled limbs. You can help them to win. By sending a donation to the Soldiers and Sailors Help Society, to which the Lord Roberts Memorial Workshops are affiliated, and where disabled ex-service men are taught how to earn their living, you can thus help them to retain their self-respect and independence. Will you do it this Christmas?

THE SOLDIERS & SAILORS HELP SOCIETY,
AND

THE LORD ROBERTS MEMORIAL WORKSHOPS
FOR DISABLED EX-SERVICE MEN.

Patrons: H.M. The King. H.M. The Queen.

Please direct your gift to the Hon. Treasurer,
The Rt. Hon. Sir Frederick Milner, Bt., P.C.
122, Brompton Road, London, S.W.3, England



*All hospitals
are worthy of support, but—*

OFFICIALS' DILEMMA
Doctors' Tenders Asked and Architects at Work
While anxious to see the new building erected, the committee of the Western Ophthalmic Hospital are faced with a dilemma. The building is in a state of ruin, and the committee are faced with the decision of whether to rebuild or to demolish the old building and build a new one. The committee are faced with the decision of whether to rebuild or to demolish the old building and build a new one.

DAILY MAIL
£20,000 HOAX ON A HOSPITAL
A cheque for £20,000, which was presented to the Western Ophthalmic Hospital, has been returned by the bank as a bogus cheque. The cheque was signed by a person who claimed to be a member of the committee of the hospital.

DAILY MIRROR
£20,000 HOAX ON A HOSPITAL
A cheque for £20,000, which was presented to the Western Ophthalmic Hospital, has been returned by the bank as a bogus cheque. The cheque was signed by a person who claimed to be a member of the committee of the hospital.

DAILY CHRONICLE
£20,000 HOAX ON A HOSPITAL
A cheque for £20,000, which was presented to the Western Ophthalmic Hospital, has been returned by the bank as a bogus cheque. The cheque was signed by a person who claimed to be a member of the committee of the hospital.

The WESTERN OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL

draws attention to the following:—

1. It has been cruelly hoaxed by the £20,000 cheque.
2. It has already collected £20,000 towards the £40,000 required for rebuilding.
3. The present building is crumbling to pieces and is thought to be dangerous to patients and staff.
4. The Hospital, 15 years ago, was badly in debt.
5. The Committee's determination not to get into debt again is also crumbling to pieces in sympathy with the building.
6. In the past 15 years the hospital has had balances averaging nearly £2,000 per annum.
7. Apart from its building, the Hospital's position is very sound.
8. The Committee would gladly welcome visitors, who could then see for themselves the magnificent work which is carried on under the most appalling conditions.

Practical sympathy is required to counteract the distress caused to both patients and staff by the perpetrator of this most heartless hoax.

**THE WESTERN
OPHTHALMIC HOSPITAL**
155, Marylebone Rd., London, N.W.1

Donations will
be gladly
acknowledged
by the
Hon. Secretary.

CHRISTMAS IN THE SLUMS

As you plan your Merry Christmas with its round of joyous festivities and present-giving, don't forget the many dwellers in Dockland Slums, for whom there will be NO Merry Christmas Party: NO Toy without your aid.

Remember the kiddies, hopefully EXPECTING!

Think of the sick and lonely aged.

Respond to your heart and be a Santa Claus or Fairy Godmother to some of these.

Help us to make this a HAPPY Christmas in Slumland.

MONEY TOYS SWEETS

Address: The Rev. W. Noel Lambert,
St. Gabriel's Vicarage, Poplar, E. 14

On Christmas Day 800 to 1,000 Homeless Men & Women

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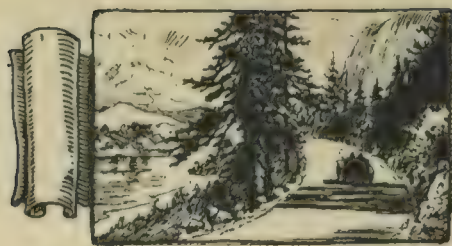
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THE CHRONICLE OF THE CAR.

By JOHN PRIOLEAU.

THE NEW 16·50·H.P. ROVER.

ONE of the most interesting types of car produced in this country during the past two years has undoubtedly been the 14·45-h.p. four-cylinder Rover, designed by Mr. Poppe, which first made its appearance at the Motor Show of 1924. There were a number of real departures in the design of this engine, but I suppose that which attracted most attention was the operation of the inlet and exhaust valves. This car is now more widely known than it was last year; but for the benefit of those who have not had an opportunity of examining this unusual design I may be excused for giving its main outlines.

The principal object of the designer was to secure, as far as possible, that spherical combustion-chamber which should ensure maximum power output, together with smoothness of running and the minimum tendency towards carbonisation. He also very properly wished to place his sparking-plug in the crown of the dome. He gained his object, certainly in so far as smoothness of running was concerned, at the first attempt.

It was in the operation of the valves that he struck out an entirely new line. These, which are operated by a single cam-shaft, and horizontal push-rods and rockers, are set at an angle of 45 degrees. The inlet valves are operated directly by their rockers off the cam-shaft, and the exhaust by horizontal push-rods extending across the cylinder-head. This highly original design resulted in an unusual degree of noiselessness, and this, combined with very careful balancing of reciprocating parts, produced an engine almost totally devoid of vibration.

The new car which I took out the other day has, in its general principles, the same sort of engine, the main difference being the increase of the bore from 75 to 80, the stroke remaining at 120. The old 14·45 differed from the new one in having a gear-box with unusually low ratios, whereas the latest model is geared more in accordance with modern practice. The gearing on the saloon model I tried is 5 to 1, and about 7½ to 1, 12 to 1, and 20 to 1, and I found them decidedly effective. The control is right-handed, the lever being comfortably accessible. The remainder of the chassis calls for no particular comment. The final drive is by worm, conforming with Rover practice for many years.

The engine is a remarkably clean and decent-looking engineering job. It differs considerably in

remarkable lack of vibration at any speed. Whether you are driving or being driven, you are not conscious, except by ear, that machinery has anything to do with your progress. This new Rover engine is really beautifully balanced, and its idle running is astonishingly quiet. Next after the smooth running I should be inclined to class the easy pick-up and acceleration on top speed. I do not, of course, mean that this very comfortable touring car has what



OUR "CAR OF THE WEEK": THE NEW 16·50·H.P. FOUR-CYLINDER ROVER, WITH A WEYMANN SALOON BODY, PRICED AT £675, A CAR WITH REMARKABLE LACK OF VIBRATION.

would be called now a "super-sports" performance. It is a lively and sufficiently fast car, but it is not designed to be anything in the nature of a semi-road-racer. What I do mean is that it is little trouble indeed for the average driver to keep this car going up hill and down dale at a very brisk pace and with no fatigue to himself. It is a thoroughly comfortable car to drive.

As I said, its gear-box has well-calculated ratios, and you will find that the third speed is, as it should always be, a very useful one. We took the car up Pebblecombe Hill, which is long and has a gradient rising to as steep a pitch as one in five, and a very respectable proportion of it was satisfactorily taken on third speed. The finish of the climb was done on second speed at a minimum of fifteen miles an hour, as recorded by a very specially tested speedometer. Considering that the bodywork was a large Weymann saloon, affording full accommodation for five large

people, and that the wheels were shod with large balloon tyres, I think this was quite a creditable performance.

A second good point about this new Rover is the springing; a third the steering, which is light and responsive; and a brilliant fourth, the four-wheel brake system. The last-named is quite one of the best I have ever used. (The car holds the road very well over rough surfaces and round bends at speed, and is in general remarkably easy and pleasant

to handle. The maximum speed claimed for it in full touring trim is about sixty miles an hour. I should say that this was a very fair estimate, judging by the ease with which I was able to reach over fifty in a short space of time and maintain a cruising speed of about forty. The results of this maximum and this cruising speed were quite unobtrusive at the time, but I thought it very significant that I was able to complete

my usual trial run well within the average time, in spite of the fact that at one moment, just for the fun of the thing, we left the metalled King's Highway and took to Epsom Downs, which were richly decorated in slimy mud. Our voyage from where we left the road to where we reached another, near the race-course, provided me with valuable data on the flexibility and pulling powers of the new Rover engine.

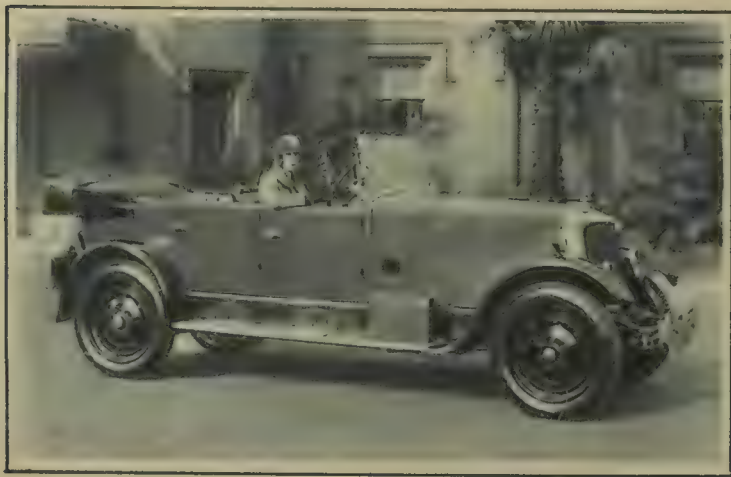
Altogether, a very nice car, and, if I may be permitted to be invidious, a notable improvement on the first type. The Weymann saloon bodied car I tried cost £675, the open five-seated tourer being priced at £100 less, and the coach-built saloon at £100 more. I do not consider these prices excessive for a car of such smooth performance and general feeling of solidity of construction. There is nothing "cheap" about this new Rover.

BRITISH SUCCESS IN AUSTRALIA.

One gets rather tired of hearing that the British car is not suitable for use overseas, when there are at least half-a-dozen English makes of car that are already doing good service in the Dominions. These cars have been designed to stand up against the strains of unmade roads, washouts, and extremes of heat, cold, wet, and wind, and on the score of ground clearance, top-gear performance, cooling, and carrying capacity, can hold their own with cars of any other nationality. An instance of this is afforded by the

recent result of the three-days' annual Reliability Trial of the Royal Automobile Club of Queensland, Australia. Apparently this trial was a very strenuous affair, which embraced tests of hill-climbing, speed, reliability, petrol-consumption, and acceleration, and was made all the more searching by the mechanical inspection to which each car was subjected at the conclusion of the event. Twenty-seven cars, representing the principal British, French, Italian, and American types, competed, and only one failed to finish.

It is interesting to note that in the final classification the first, second, and fourth cars were of British make, the first and second being "Fourteen" Armstrong-Siddeleys and the fourth a Vauxhall. The winner was third in the acceleration test, third in the speed test, fifth in the hill-climbing test, and second in the petrol-consumption test, besides winning maximum marks for reliability. The result of this



AN ARMSTRONG-SIDDELEY "EIGHTEEN" IN SYDNEY: A CAR BECOMING VERY POPULAR THERE FOR ITS FINE PERFORMANCE AND STURDY BUILD.

its general outlines from any other I know, the casing containing the valve gear on either side giving the unit, end-on, the exact shape of a capital Y. Accessibility is a particularly notable feature, especially in respect of the magneto, which is driven off the top of the vertical shaft by which the valve gear is operated. It is probably the most accessible magneto of any car on the market.

On the road the chief feature of this new Rover seemed to me to be, like that of its 14·45 sister, a very



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THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA.

BY MICHAEL ORME.

THE SCREEN LOVER.

"AMERICA," we are told by Miss June Mathis, according to an interview in the *Daily Mail*, "is developing a new type of screen lover." Miss Mathis, who is a well-known scenario-writer and adviser, as well as the reputed discoverer of the late Rudolph Valentino, appears to think that mere male beauty has had its day. Neither the dark good looks of Valentino nor the "young blond Nordic specimens" (sounds a little like a cattle-show catalogue) "of male beauty" will satisfy the feminine patrons of the kinema any longer. They are evincing a taste for middle-aged lovers who show a "well-defined touch of sophisticated intelligence about their love-making."

Well, Miss June Mathis should know. Her name appears on the screen in the capacity of scenario-writer so often that her experience must be vast, and should command our attention. But I venture to think that the conclusions she draws from the recent studies she has made of kinema audiences are true only to a certain extent. Miss Mathis observes that the modern girl, and the older woman as well, are tired of young, exotic-looking heroes (evidently the exotic is as *vieux jeu* as the blond Nordic type!), and now demand a more mature, more sophisticated sample of *matinée* idol, whose "love-making has finesse and deftness, minus any great display and passion." It would appear to be Miss Mathis's opinion that this "finesse and deftness" rouse female admiration as well as sympathy. That is why exotic and Nordic young men can pack their traps and quit.

I can readily understand that Miss Mathis, as an expert film-adviser, keeps in constant touch with the demands of women, since women form the major part of nearly all kinema audiences, and are inclined to take the whole thing more seriously than men. But I refuse to admit that the ranks of feminine film-goers are entirely made up of silly flappers and sentimental middle-aged women who possess no critical faculty whatsoever, and merely go to see the male "specimen" of their particular fancy, regardless of the merits or demerits of the film in which he appears. There are plenty of them, of course, just as there are plenty of indiscriminating playgoers. But to cater for them, or to consider them of paramount importance

in the theatre or in the kinema, is surely fatal to the interests of either.

As examples of the "new type of hero," four names are cited in the interview with Miss Mathis. They are those of Mr. Adolph Menjou, Mr. Lew Cody, Mr. Lewis Stone, and Mr. John Barrymore. But none of these men are newcomers, and their gifts have been recognised, in varying degrees, for a long while. I do not think Mr. Adolph Menjou finds more favour with women to-day than when they unanimously applauded his humour and his polish in Charles Chaplin's masterly production, "A Woman of Paris." Since then, the Menjou methods, the raised eyebrow, the unruffled equanimity, have never varied. They are admirable in the right place and in a good story. They can be more than a little tedious on occasion, and I have often heard the verdict from feminine lips that "Menjou is always the same." Mr. Lew Cody and Mr. Lewis Stone, sound actors both, can scarcely claim a pedestal in the hall of *matinée* idols in England, though they may make a greater romantic appeal to American women, of whom Miss Mathis naturally speaks. But John Barrymore's name is a big "draw" in England, as in America. Are we to believe that is because he is a new type of lover, whose "philandering tactics" set female hearts a-flutter? I have too great an admiration for his histrionic powers to credit it. Take his recent great success, "The Sea-Beast." Here, in the opening chapters, we saw him as a young fellow aboard a whaler. He had a pretty sweetheart ashore, true, but his present concern was not with love-making. It was the stern business of whale-hunting. A rough life, a hard life, with no time for philandering, but struggle and danger and terrible pain. Then, after a brief interlude of disappointed love ashore, betrayal and heartbreak, we were back again on the sea with a man prematurely old, broken in body as in heart, a man who hunted the great whale, Moby Dick, year in year out in every quarter of the globe, seeking vengeance for his lost limb.

Here Mr. Barrymore portrayed no lover, but the very spirit of revenge, the incarnation of an immense hatred, a being whom men feared and whom no woman looked upon during all those long years. Such, briefly, is the film in which John Barrymore's virile and picturesque performance aroused the greatest enthusiasm amongst all film-goers, male and female.

In his new film, not yet publicly released, Mr. Barrymore certainly does play a lover, the most famous

of lovers, Don Juan himself. But, far from being middle-aged, he assumes for the nonce, thanks to a flawless profile, an equally flawless wig, and his own versatility, a youthfulness as impetuous as any possessed by those young "specimens" who, we are told, will shortly have to take a back seat. Moreover, whatever criticism the film or its interpretation will call for when the time comes, no one will be able to accuse it of a lack of passion.

An actor who is winning golden opinions on the screen at present, and who is undoubtedly a first favourite with women, is still quite a young man, nor does his popularity rely on his methods of love-making. I refer to the English actor, Ronald Coleman. His interpretation of the title-rôle in "Beau Geste," the American film which has packed the Plaza for the last few weeks, contains in it every element that makes an appeal to an Englishwoman's heart. He is gallant, he is gay, and he preserves an air of schoolboy gusto that makes even the final adventure of death seem no more bitter than a youthful prank. Yet neither he nor his brothers, who stand by him so loyally, have time for much love-making. The history of their short lives is mainly unfolded beneath the burning African sun, amongst the strange, grim men of the Foreign Legion. And for two of the brothers it ends in death. Yet few films have leaped so swiftly into general favour as this "Beau Geste."

Women demand an attractive hero, just as men demand a well-favoured heroine. That is natural enough, seeing that our sympathies are to be reached through the eye. But, apart from this, there can be no hard-and-fast rules as to type or age. The great essential is vitality, and the "right man in the right place." If women are no longer satisfied with mere physical beauty in screen-heroes, it is because the public in general is gradually growing more discriminating. Women are developing more decided opinions about acting; it is no longer sufficient for the majority of them that a man should merely *look* the part. Paul Richter, certainly the personification of blond, Nordic youth and good looks, scored a great personal success in "Siegfried" because he was the right man in the right place. His poetical rendering of that part remains a vivid memory, nor could any other actor have realised the youthful Siegfried better than Mr. Richter. In "Sea-Wolves," just released, he is wrong. That has nothing to do with his age or his methods of love-making, nor with the fashion in men, but solely with the fact that the part does

(Continued on page 1202.)



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THE WORLD OF MUSIC. (Continued from Page 1100.)

disillusioned rejection of "short cuts." There are no "short cuts" that can enable man to dispense with the difficulties and complexities that inevitably arise as soon as he ceases to be content with the crudest and most primitive of sensations. The success of wireless has not been among the musically educated public of this country, but among the uneducated. Broadcasting has brought music to hundreds of thousands who knew it not, and the educated, the truly cultivated musical public, has, on the whole, ignored it completely, and continued to attend the concerts, private and public, which it has always attended.

It is therefore absurd for musical people to fear that broadcasting can in any way injure music or diminish the number of concerts. Quite the contrary. It will initiate to the elements of musical enjoyment a vast new audience, and out of this audience the more sensitive, the more gifted, all the minds susceptible of development will emerge and, dissatisfied with what they are getting, will ask for more, and will ultimately be driven into the concert hall to obtain it. To imagine that broadcasting will or can kill concerts is just the same as if we had imagined that the newspaper could kill the book. Since the advent of daily newspapers of a million or more circulation at a penny, more, and not fewer, books have been sold.

The two provinces are quite distinct, and one may indeed say truthfully that the newspaper is the ante-room to the book, and, similarly, broadcasting gives the first initiation to music. What one regrets is the unnecessarily low standard of the newspaper and of broadcasting programmes. Those who stand in fear of the public always underrate the public's intelligence. The fear of losing circulation makes the newspaper careful to avoid offending, and keeps it unintelligent and colourless. The fear of criticism keeps, and will keep, those responsible for the direction of broadcasting to a safe and blameless policy. The only antidote for this slow, deadening poison is a lively criticism constantly directed upon the programmes and the policy of the B.B.C. Up to the present a fair, unbiassed opinion would probably have to admit that the B.B.C. has done well. And there is only one unimpeachable sign of well-doing, and that is whenever by some action it proves that it has over-estimated the intelligence of the public. W. J. TURNER.

THE CHARM OF THE ANTIQUE MAP.

(See Colour Reproductions in this Number.)

AN atlas is the sum of all adventure, the quintessence of the romance of travel. But modern maps are severely scientific, tutorial, and utilitarian, associated chiefly with the class-room or the office. While immensely improved in scope and accuracy, and possessing a certain beauty of form, due to the resources of modern colour-printing, they have lost that touch of the romantic and the picturesque—not to say the imaginative—which marked the geography of bygone days. It is only in the maps of fairyland, made for children's picture-books, that such qualities now appear.

Lately, however, there has been a great revival of interest in the productions of antique cartography; a new use for them has been found as items in home decoration, along with models of old ships; and, above all, they have become a quarry for collectors. Most opportune, therefore, is the publication of a delightful volume on the subject (from which we give a double-page of colour reproductions—namely, "Old Decorative Maps and Charts," by Arthur L. Humphreys, F.S.A., F.R.G.S., with illustrations from engravings in the Macpherson Collection, and a Catalogue of the Atlases and Chart-Books in the Collection, by Henry Stevens (London: Halton and Truscott Smith, Ltd.; New York: Minton, Balch, and Co.; 73s. 6d. net).

Mr. A. G. H. Macpherson's great collection of marine prints and kindred illustrations, including some of the finest extant maps and atlases—always generously placed by him at the disposal of writers and students—has been the inspiring source of many recent books on the history of ships and navigation. The present volume is perhaps the most alluring of them all. It contains seventy-nine exquisitely reproduced plates, of which nineteen are in full colour, ranging in date from 1482 to 1776.

Apart from their value to the historical student, as representing the growth of geographical knowledge, these old maps possess an intrinsic fascination—they make so many contacts with science, religion, and philosophy, and they hold a peculiar place in decorative art. The old cartographers adorned their maps with the same loving care that a mediæval monk would devote to illuminating a missal. They decorated them with ornamental borders and heraldic shields or emblems, and filled the blank spaces with miniature

pictures of ships, buildings, cities, human figures, and travel scenes, navigating instruments, animals, birds and—in particular—fishes and sea monsters. Among the last, in an early map of Palestine, is seen Jonah's whale, whose jugular capacity has of late been rehabilitated. The colour plates also include two beautiful star-charts of the northern and southern hemispheres, containing all the mythological figures associated with the constellations.

The history of map-making from the earliest times is traced by Mr. Humphreys in a long introduction that combines scholarship with literary charm, while he gives useful information for collectors on market values. He carries the story from Anaximander (born B.C. 612), said by Strabo to have been the first who represented the world upon a map, through Herodotus, Marinus of Tyre, and Ptolemy in ancient times, to the Renaissance editions of Ptolemy, the sixteenth-century Dutch work of Mercator and Ortelius, and a host of later cartographers, both foreign and English.

The catalogue by Mr. Henry N. Stevens, F.R.G.S. (son of the well-known Anglo-American bibliophile, the late Henry Stevens of Vermont), is a very able and important piece of work.

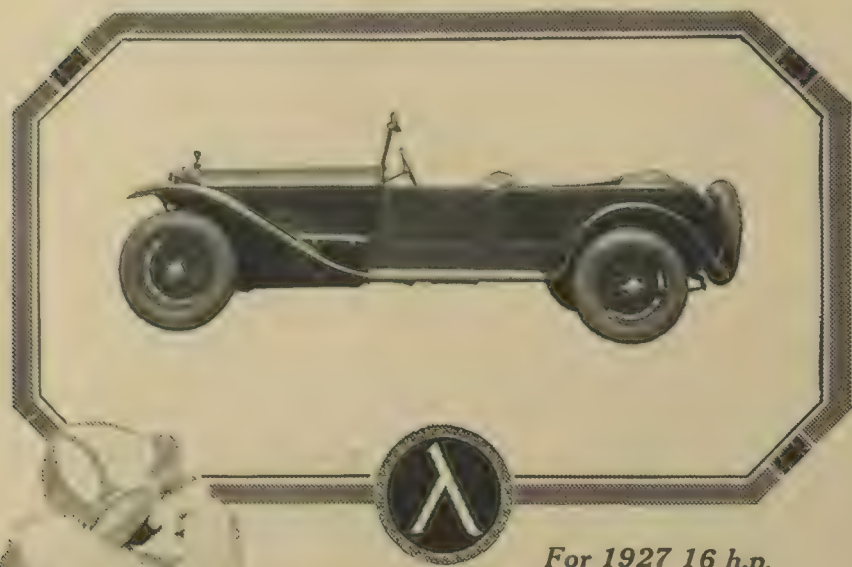
English literature supplies Mr. Humphreys with some interesting references. Pepys records that in 1660 he "fell a reading of Speed's Geography"; and his fellow-diarist, John Evelyn, advocated wax relief maps. Swift writes in satiric vein—

So geographers in Afric's maps
With savage pictures fill their gaps,
And o'er unhabitable downs
Place elephants for want of towns.

To these allusions we might add Shakespeare's scene in "Henry IV." (Part I, Act III. Sc. I.), where the conspirators are counting their territorial chickens, and Glendower says to Hotspur and Mortimer—

Come, here's the map: shall we divide our right?

Shakespeare was writing about 1597 of events that occurred in 1403. What map of England did Glendower use? According to Mr. Humphreys, maps then were chiefly ecclesiastical and fabulous; and Ralph Higden's map (later fourteenth century) showed England with only fourteen towns. Christopher Saxton's 1579 atlas "was the first collection of county maps done for England." Possibly Shakespeare knew Saxton's maps and "retrojected" them some two centuries into Hotspur's day.



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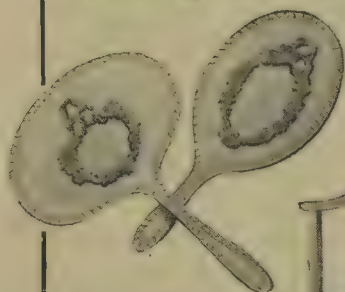
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"THE WORLD OF THE KINEMA."—(Continued from p. 1198.)
not suit him. Women of all ages will want to see Douglas Fairbanks as "The Black Pirate," or in any other rôle he chooses to assume, for no other reason than that he will be the right man in the right place. His age is a matter of no importance, his type is indefinite, his good looks entirely a matter of taste and, in any case, chiefly dependent on an irresistible smile! His love-making is generally of the whirlwind order, and I fear it does not look as if it were *minus* passion. But he is lifted above all these and other considerations by his supreme vitality, his complete and enthusiastic concentration on the traffic of the moment and the part he is playing. Whether the part be that of a thief, or a pirate, or a Spanish hidalgo, Fairbanks enters into it heart and soul, gives it life and the joy of life. There is no need to bother about changing fashions, nor whether ladies do or do not prefer blonds, so long as actors can be found who by sheer strength of personality and dramatic power can make the characters of the film-play live, and can stir the imagination of their audience, especially their feminine audience, into a brief, all-forgetting participation in the shadow-world of the screen.

THE "CRADLE" OF THE MALAY RACE.

(Continued from Page 1162.)

working. He always searches very carefully through the bunch for a ripe nut, and then, holding on firmly with his feet, he twists it round and round with both hands until it is severed at the stalk, when it is immediately hurled to the ground—and woe betide any unsuspecting person who happens to be passing below!

The coastal towns can boast of comparatively comfortable hotels, while at Brastagi—a hill station much frequented by the affluent rubber planters of the Federal Malay States—one finds all the amenities of civilisation; even a golf course of sorts. Elsewhere one has to resort to the Government Rest Houses—or *Passangrahan*, as the Dutch call them. These, of course, are not luxurious, but they supply primitive board and lodging, and one can always obtain an excellent bottle of German lager and a hard-boiled egg. After all, what more can one expect in a country where, a few years ago, the traveller himself would have formed part of the bill of fare?

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CHESS.

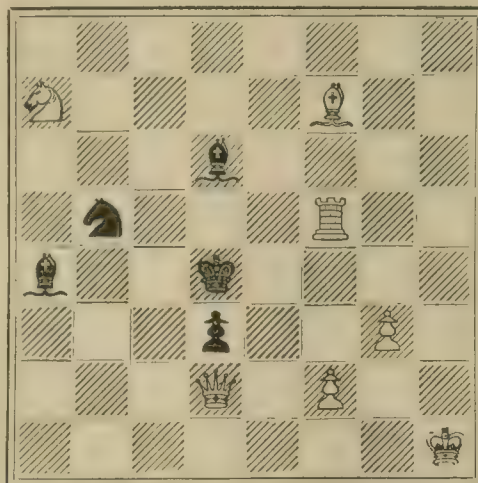
TO CORRESPONDENTS.—Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor, 15, Essex Street, Strand, W.C.2.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 3991.—By J. M. K. LUPTON.

WHITE
1. K to Q 7th
2. Mates accordingly.
BLACK
Anything

This is the author's solution, but, as many correspondents have pointed out, there is another way by 1. P to B 4th (ch). In the delicately balanced and crowded positions of this kind, there is always the danger of some trivial move being overlooked, which is just as effective as the most subtle key.

PROBLEM No. 3993.—By CARL G. BROWN.
BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in two moves.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

C R B SUMNER (Winchester).—In your problem marked No. 1 of your last contribution, we cannot see how Black can escape from 1. P to K B 6th (dis ch), K to K 3rd; 2. Q to K 5th, mate. Your own key is excellent.

H WARD (West Kirby).—The defence to your proposed solution of No. 3991 is 1. P takes R.

R B N (Tewkesbury).—The presence of White's Pawn at K B 3rd in No. 3991 involves a much greater defect than you appear to have fathomed: for it not only, as you say, mars the appearance of the position, but it ruins it by providing a second solution.

CHARLES H BATTERY (Providence, R.I.).—We have read your letter with much interest and sympathy; but think perhaps the isolation of which you speak is not altogether detrimental to problem composition. You will find your chess-board under such circumstances a very friendly companion. As regards the solution for which you ask, we have not as yet been able to examine the position.

E G B BARLOW (Bournemouth).—Thanks for the three-mover, which marks for you a new departure, does it not? We have every confidence it will be fully up to the standard of your usual contributions.

VICTOR HOLTAM (Oshkosh, Wisconsin).—Equality of force is no test of the merits of a chess problem; it is the easiest thing in the world to pile on pieces to secure such an appearance. One of the cardinal points of composition is what is called economy of force; the aim being that every piece in the position shall be exercised to the utmost limits of its power, and that nothing shall be put on the board which has no place in the solution.

F J FALLWELL (Caterham).—We hope to meet your demand in our next issue, but not, as you suggest, in the Forsyth notation. It is a little too tricky for our purpose.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 3989 received from J E Houseman (Chicoutimi); of No. 3990 from Victor Holtam (Oshkosh, Wisconsin), John Hannan (Newburgh, N.Y.), R B Cooke (Portland, Maine), W Whitehouse (Kidderminster), J M K Lupton (Richmond), F J Fallwell (Caterham), and Franz Niolescky (Vienna); of No. 3991 from R P Nicholson (Crayke), V G Walrond (Haslingden), R B N (Tewkesbury), H W Satow (Bangor), J W Smedley (Oldham), Mrs. N Braby (Pennington Hall), W H Terry (Cricklewood), F J Fallwell (Caterham), and Franz Niolescky (Vienna); and of No. 3992 from C H Watson (Masham), J Hunter (Leicester), L W Cafferata (Farndon), H W Satow (Bangor), E G B Barlow (Bournemouth), J P S (Cricklewood), A Edmeston (Worsley), C B S (Canterbury), G Stillingfleet Johnson (Cobham), and S Caldwell (Hove).

CHESS IN LONDON.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. J. P. SAVAGE and E. G. SERGEANT.

(Ruy Lopez Opening.)

| WHITE (Mr. J. P. S.) | BLACK (Mr. E. G. S.) |
|-------------------------|-------------------------|
| 1. P to K 4th | P to K 4th |
| 2. Kt to KB 3rd | P to Q B 3rd |
| 3. B to Kt 5th | P to Q R 3rd |
| 4. B to R 4th | Kt to B 3rd |
| 5. Castles | B to K 2nd |
| 6. P to Q 3rd | P to Q 3rd |
| 7. P to K R 3rd | Castles |
| 8. P to B 3rd | B to Q 2nd |
| 9. R to K sq | Kt to K sq |
| 10. P to Q 4th | B to B 3rd |
| 11. B to K 3rd | P to Q Kt 3rd |

An indeterminate sort of move, of which Black's subsequent play presents more than one example. The orthodox P to Q Kt 4th was quite good enough.

12. Q Kt to Q 2nd P to Kt 3rd
13. Kt to B sq Kt to Kt 2nd
14. R to B sq Kt to K R 4th
15. P to Q 5th Kt to K 2nd
16. B takes B Q takes B
17. Q to Q 2nd B to R sq

White threatens, 18. P to Kt 4th, winning at least a pawn; but it is sheer waste of time to take the Bishop to this square, when he has to come back to Kt 2nd and the very next moment.

18. B to R 6th B to Kt 2nd
19. Q Kt to R 2nd K to R sq

Another remarkable move which is so immediately made a wasted one that only time-pressure seems a reasonable explanation of it.

20. B takes B (ch) K takes B
21. Kt to Kt 4th Kt to B 5th
22. K Kt takes P
The control of the game here passes into White's hands, although Black's defence is not without ingenuity and resourcefulness.

22. P takes Kt
23. Kt takes P Kt takes P (ch)
24. P takes Kt Q takes P
25. R to K 3rd Q to R 5th
26. Kt to B 3rd Q to Kt 5th (ch)
27. K to B sq Q to R 4th
28. Q to Q 4th (ch) P to B 3rd

It is difficult to suggest anything better, but the freedom of the Black Queen is being dangerously limited.

29. K to K 2nd Kt to B 3rd
30. Q to R 4th Kt to K 4th
31. Q R to K Kt sq Q to R 4th
32. R to Kt 3rd P to R 4th
33. Q to B 2nd K R to K sq
34. K to B sq Kt to Kt 5th

34. — Kt takes Kt; 35. R takes Kt, Q to K 4th was his only chance.

35. R to K sq P to K B 4th
36. K to Kt 2nd P takes P
37. R takes P Kt to B 3rd

A blunder, of course, but a piece was lost in any case. If Q takes P, 39. R takes P (ch) forces mate.
38. R to R 4th Resigns.

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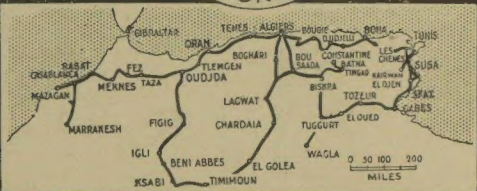
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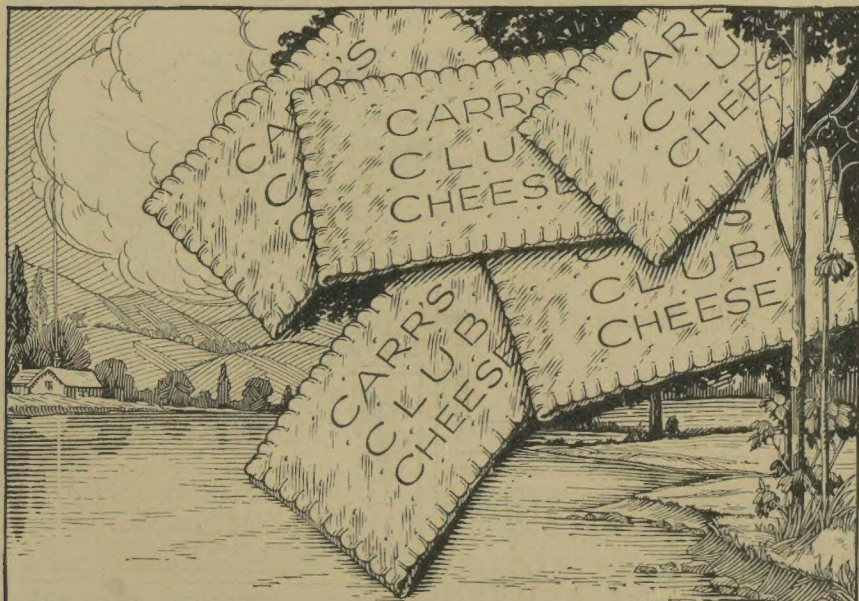


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of Decoration crackers are the small-size variety, which are arranged as if held in the hands of quaint little gnomes standing in a forest of gold and green grass. These are, of course, only a few of the Tom Smith crackers, and, when ordering them, one should not forget the Christmas Stockings, so popular with children, which are also issued by this firm.

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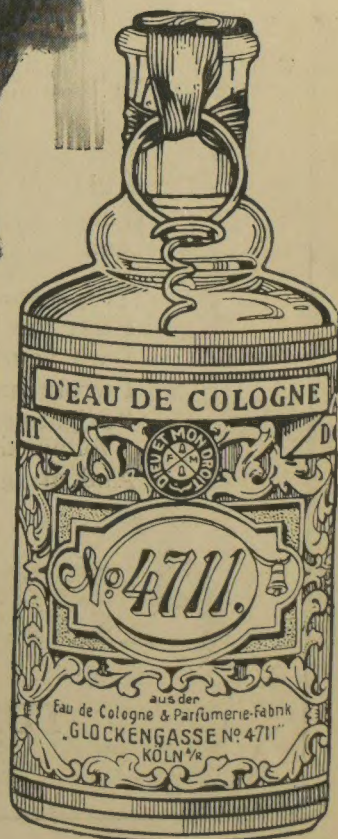
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Just a few coppers, Sir, to buy a drink?—
I did not always bow my head and slink.
They called me "Master," ere my downfall came,
And Bobolinsky was my honoured name.

Yes, I was the Composer. Long ago
I left the land of samovars and snow,
With youthful ardour in a Montmartre room
I wrote that haunting Humoresque called "Gloom";
"Nightmares" and "Hell" and "Soul Storms"
followed fast,
And my great Symphony was born at last.

All the Intelligentsia sat and thrilled
That fatal night that saw my Opus billed;
After the long-drawn screams of violins,
And sad bassoons bemoaning secret sins,
I waved my baton at the Clarionette—
The Brute was puffing at a Cigarette!

I rapped, I growled Slav curses in my throat,
The silence was not broken by a note—
Divine Abdullas charmed him past recall;
When ribald laughter swept the concert-hall
I staggered home, mocked—scorned—disgraced
—undone—

Sir, have you an Abdulla? Spare me one!

F. R. Holmes.

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